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HARPER'S A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1899

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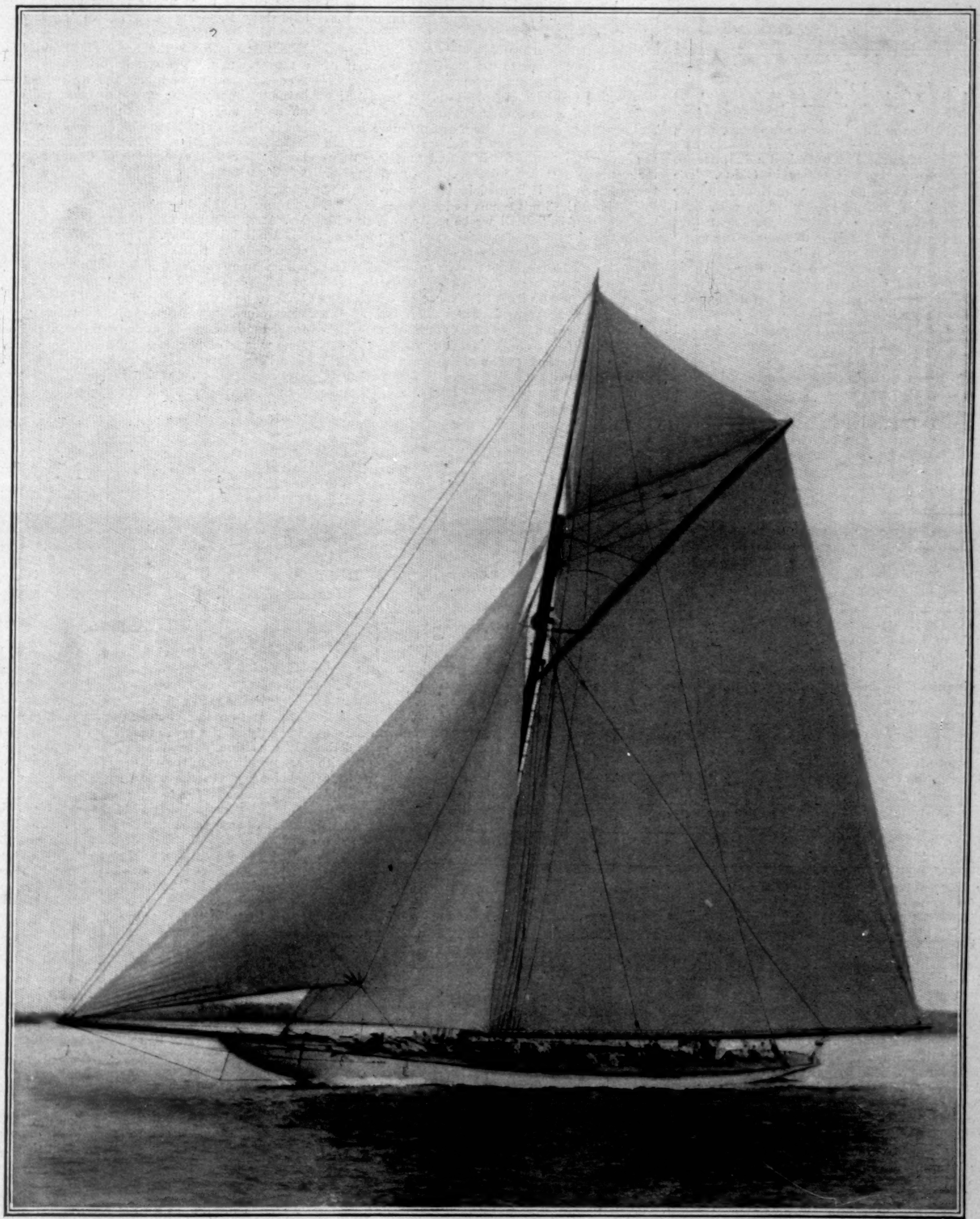

"COLUMBIA," THE "AMERICA'S" CUP DEFENDER,

ON HER WAY FROM THE HERRESHOFF YARDS AT BRISTOL TO NEWPORT FOR HER FIRST TRIALS.—PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY JAMES BURTON.

Harper's Weekly

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

New York City, July 8, 1899

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England's Problem

A GOOD many Englishmen are apparently very much annoyed because Lord Salisbury's government does not adopt a definite, not to say vigorous, policy in China. The nation does not believe in Russia and her promises. It is inclined to sympathize with Lord Charles Beresford's outspoken statement that an agreement with Russia is not worth the paper it is written on the moment it becomes the interest of Russia to violate it. This, of course, is not the view of the public men who are now in office, or of those who have been in office before, but the Englishman who looks at public questions from the point of view of his own private business, and who depends upon his government not only to protect him, but to aid him to extend his commerce, believes that English commerce in China will soon be at the mercy of Russia, and that preferential tariffs and onerous taxation will eventually deprive England of a large part of her Chinese trade, which now amounts to sixty-four per cent. of the whole of the commerce carried on with China. Fearing these direful consequences, Englishmen are urging the government to take a resolute stand and to do something to check Russia's advance.

It is perfectly clear that British ascendency in China would be better than Russian ascendency, for the world and for civilization, and it is to be hoped that some method will be found short of war for the maintenance of that ascendency. But nearly, if not quite, all the suggestions, except perhaps Lord Charles Beresford's, that can be thought of, lead to war. Even the drifting policy of which Lord Salisbury's government is accused leads thitherward, and it is time, we think, that some inquiry should be made as to the possible outcome of a war between the great commercial power of the west of Europe and south of Asia, and the great military power of the east of Europe and north of Asia. Such an inquiry is especially pertinent on this side of the water, in view of our own position in the East, and the demands which such a conflict will necessarily make upon us.

One important reason why England ought not to assume an offensive attitude towards Russia, if it were otherwise desirable for her to do so, is the weakness of her army. A war with Russia would not be a naval war. It would necessarily be a land war, and England, it is well known, with her present force and her policy of voluntary enlistments, could not put more than thirty thousand men into China. This was asserted only the other morning in the House of Commons, and the government did not contradict the statement. Indeed, it is perfectly well understood that it rests on the authority of Lord Wolseley himself. It is hardly worth while to enlarge upon the deplorable situation in which England would find herself if she were called upon to face Russia with a force of 30,000 men. Russia has probably already many more troops than this in Manchuria. The result of a war, then, between Russia and Great Britain, undertaken under existing conditions, would be the total destruction of British commerce in China, and the invasion, and possibly the temporary loss, of India. And in considering the possible effect of such a war we must bear in mind the attitude of the people of India towards the imperial government, which is that of discontent, expressing itself in riots. Surely such an attitude would be of immense assistance to Russia in the invasion that would immediately follow the breaking out of war over China. The facts which British statesmen are facing are stern and threatening, and what clamor there is in England for dealing offensively with Russia is the clamor of ignorance—an ignorance that may not be dissipated until its victims are aroused and informed through the awful surprise which is sure to follow the first shock of arms.

THE imperialists of Great Britain and the United States have not studied the conditions of their problem nor calculated its cost. They would have their nations face a world in arms with their own small volunteer armies, and they ignore the state of affairs which actually exists in the British army, six or seven times larger than our own, but still small as modern armies are counted. The fact is that the power to increase the English army by voluntary enlistments does not exist. On the contrary, the power to maintain the present force by this means is nearly exhausted. There is hardly an accomplished British officer who is not convinced that if Great Britain is to put her land force on an equality in numbers with the land forces of the great military powers, she must abandon her old policy of voluntary enlistments, and resort to the Continental policy of conscription. It is unnecessary to consider a question which has been raised as to the comparative characters of volunteers and conscripts. It is perfectly well known that there are no more courageous, long-enduring, and intelligent soldiers than the enlisted men of the British and American regular armies. But the number of men who prefer the soldier's life is limited in both countries, and in England the limit seems to have been reached. The question is, "Shall we be ready to back with arms all the demands which may be made by our commercial adventurers for a predominant share in the trade of Asiatic countries?" And to be ready to back that policy there is need of an army of hundreds of thousands, which cannot possibly be obtained unless the industrial life of the country is drained of its young men by conscription. If any one believes that this statement is an exaggeration, and that European militarism is not a drain on the industrial life of a country, let him visit the agricultural fairs of rural France and note, as he can with his own eyes, how the work of the country is being carried on by the middle-aged and the old men and by the women.

THE price that must be paid for imperialism is enormous, and what is true of Great Britain is true also of this country. Imperialism can neither be entered into nor guarded except by great fleets and armies, and great armies cannot be maintained except by conscription. No power in the world can raise a regular army of 500,000 men by voluntary enlistments. It is doubtful if there exists a country capable of raising in that way, in time of peace, an army of 250,000 men. But the nations who possess great armies, fully instructed, led by competent officers, are always prepared, every one of them, to put from 500,000 to 1,000,000 trained men in the field. That power is militarism, and to make it great and effective, the industrial people of the countries which possess it are forced to pay enormous taxes, and to surrender their youth from the field, the shop, and the counting-room. Great Britain is face to face with this problem, and her thoughtful public men are fully aware of it, and are troubled by its possible consequences. Will the English people tolerate conscription? In other words, will they bear the tremendous cost of imperialism? This may be our own problem in a short time. But English statesmen know that they cannot expand their territory or force their commerce upon distant peoples except by courting war, and that to court war without an army sufficient and prepared to respond to a modern emergency is to invite disaster, perhaps ruin. But such an army cannot be created and maintained by the adoption of the military system of the Continent, and it is the conviction that imperialism means militarism that has been largely instrumental in forming a public sentiment in England, which found expression only a few nights ago in the House of Commons, when the members of both sides cheered the assertion made more than once, and by both Conservatives and Liberals, that no one wished to add another square mile of territory to the British Empire. What is happening in England is just now full of instruction for this side of the Atlantic. Do our jingoes really believe that the American people will stand militarism and conscription in order that a few of their fellow-citizens may endeavor to add to their wealth by means of Asiatic commerce, or that some new offices may be created for our idle politicians?

ONE of the main reasons why Congress is inefficient, why it cannot meet its responsibilities, why currency legislation is impossible, why our tax laws are the crude consequences of a sudden emergency, why men of high character, large ability, and special adaptiveness to public service are excluded from public life in this country, has been the prevalence of the spoils system.

For over thirty years the best, because the most intelligent, friends of the country have been working for a reform of the civil service. Finally the Pendleton act was passed and the classified service was organized. It might have been organized without any legislation by the mere will of the Executive, but the influence of the legislative branch of our government over the executive is so great that no Executive dared take the step without the assent of Congressmen who profit, if any one does, by the spoils system, but who escape most of the immediate and direct responsibility for its scandals. Since the law has been passed, the scope of the rules under it has been greatly extended by Presidents Cleveland and Harrison, especially by the former. It has rested with Mr. McKinley to make the first serious and effective assault upon it. There is hardly an executive officer who has served under the law who has not borne testimony to its exceeding great value to the public service. Congress itself has attacked it, but it has always been wise enough not to make its attacks effective. Mr. McKinley, however, has yielded to the pressure of Congressmen who want patronage, but who have cleverly avoided the assumption of the odium that is sure to follow the opening of the doors which were closed during Mr. Arthur's, Mr. Cleveland's, and Mr. Harrison's administrations. They have been cunning enough to persuade Mr. McKinley to take that odium upon himself, and, in breaking his own promises and the pledge of his party's platform of 1896, to be the first President, under the civil service reform law, to render this important service to bad government. Moreover, he does so at a time when his supporters are assuring the world that he and politicians like him will rise to meet any responsibilities which increased territory may impose upon them—in a word, that they may be depended upon to give to the people of such territory the good government which they are diligently engaged in overthrowing at home. We wonder if Mr. McKinley knows what some good men—not gold Democrats or independents, but old-time Republicans—are saying of him. They are saying that he has done more harm to the country than Mr. Bryan could have done. No one can regret more than ourselves that this is the fact. We are not prepared to assent to it, but it is certainly worthy of Mr. McKinley's serious reflection. He is alienating the friends who made his election possible, and whose support may be absolutely necessary to his party next year.

THE French Republic, or, as its critics and enemies like to designate it, the Parliamentary Republic, is fortunate in its enemies. The Dreyfus case has given to the judges of the Court of Cassation the opportunity to declare the sovereignty of the law, and their own loyalty to it. The decision, agreeable as it is to the public conscience, if not to the public desire, is a reassuring evidence as to the character of the French and their capacity for self-abnegation. But the decision was expected to give to the enemies of the republic their opportunity for a rising. The thought that the republic was near its end, and that it might be overthrown by shouts of "Vive l'armée!" was the inspiring hope of the monarchists and Bonapartists. Déroulède was doubtless acting in accordance with a set plan when he seized General Roget's bridle at the funeral of President Faure, and undertook to lead the army against the new President. When the mob of aristocrats made their disgraceful assault upon President Loubet, they supposed that Paris at least was behind them. They have probably discovered their mistake. But now the conspiracy is revealed. The men and women who were engaged in it, who have made most of the noise against Dreyfus, have cared nothing for France or for the army, except for the furtherance of their own ambitions. In behalf of the Orleanists especially, the plotting has been going on for many months. The café which was its headquarters is one of the most respectable on the Avenue de l'Opéra. The police knew of the meetings that were held there. The very waiters treated the conspirators with profound respect. What is not generally known, perhaps, is that these monarchists were ready and anxious to make an alliance with Germany. If the Dreyfus case had been the cause of a successful Orleans rising, not only would the republic have been destroyed, but the army would have been destroyed, and the French would have seen their own rulers balking them of the revenge for which they have longed so many years.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THE father of all false news has invented and inserted in a number of newspapers a paragraph which states that a gentleman from the Middle West is about to become editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The paragraph is comprehensively and in all particulars untrue, and being a source of some annoyance to the gentleman from Illinois whom it concerns, is worth contradicting.

THERE seems to be a great deal of muttering over the Transvaal. That region is unique. It is the one spot on the globe in which our bold cousin J. B. is not able to make himself comfortable. Our cousin has tried hard to take comfort, or buy it, in the Transvaal, and it is not to be had. There are two races there—a dominant race consisting of Boers, and a conglomerate inferior race made up of British men, Americans, and other folks. It is all very well to belong to one of two rival races so long as you belong to the one that is on top. That has been our cousin John's experience heretofore, but in this case it is different. In the Transvaal the Boer is on top, and has everything his way. He makes laws for the other race, won't let its members vote, bullyrags and taxes it, and meddles and interferes at every point. The situation is highly interesting, and not without its humorous side. Our cousin is frantic, and has been frantic for a good while. With the Boer in the way he can't develop the Transvaal, nor promote peace and civilization there. He cannot even claim with an entirely straight face that the Boers are unfit for self-government, though it is true that they hate progress. About all he can do is to be frank, and admit that the Transvaal has mines in it, and that he wants to work them. So now he threatens to lick the Boers; but there are drawbacks about that, because the Boers are fighters of extraordinary merit. They are quite as pious as he is, and quite as plucky. Moreover, they have good guns and aim well, so that licking them is very, very uphill work.

We feel deeply for our cousin, for he has a hard job on hand. We regret to see him bothered, and heartily wish, both on his account and on our own, that the Boers had settled in the Philippines instead of in the Transvaal.

IT is one of the inalienable rights of every American citizen, native or naturalized, to hold such views as seem good to him about poetry, and to accept or reject it according as the samples offered delight or displease him. Without prejudice to this privilege of freemen one may disclose a timid opinion that Mr. Owen Wister's Phi Beta Kappa poem, which occupied two pages of the last issue of the WEEKLY, is a remarkable performance, which no reader should miss through mere inadvertence. For one thing, it is extremely good verse; and for another, it is uncommonly edifying in many of its sentiments. It deals almost altogether with the events of the last year, and in its discussion of the questions of principle and practice which have arisen out of them it does what some millions of Americans must have felt a personal need of doing—it talks on both sides.

It talks with great vigor, too. Whatever it says it says hard, and it says pretty much all there is to say about the war with Spain and its consequences. Every head that has seemed to need the cudgel's tap gets elegantly broken, and if the poem leaves us politically just about where we were before, it leaves us mentally richer for having heard a lot of more or less familiar sentiments expressed with striking and admirable art. That is one chief thing poetry seems to be for—to express what people feel; and if it brings home to them vividly feelings of which they were not wholly conscious before they recognized them in verse, so much the better the job, and so much the bigger the poet.

The only drawback to Mr. Wister's achievement is that, less considerate than last year's poet, he has poked the standard of the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa's annual poetry up so unwarrantably high that in future a Pegasus with real wings will be needed to reach it. Spring-board poets won't do any more for the Phi Beta Kappa.

THE suggestion that a successor to Bishop Huntington of the Episcopal diocese of Central New York may be found in his son James will be highly interesting to persons to whom the destinies of the Episcopal Church in this part of America are matter of concern. Bishop Huntington, so far as known, is in good health, and it may be hoped that he will hold his office for years to come; but he is an old man, and will soon need the help of a bishop-coadjutor, and whoever is chosen coadjutor will finally be bishop if he lives. It appears that there is a strong party in the diocese of Central New York that wants the Rev. James O. S. Huntington, the bishop's son, to be bishop-coadjutor to his father. The younger man is well known both in the Church and in the newspapers. He was graduated from Harvard in 1875, and must be about forty-five years old. He is able and zealous, a strong man in his profession, and the only reason why his candidacy for a bishopric should excite especial comment is that he is a monk. In 1881 he took vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and became a brother of the monastic Order of the Holy Cross. As Father Huntington he became a familiar figure in New York, and later, mission-work made him well known in other cities.

It would be an innovation to elect a monk bishop of a Protestant diocese, for Protestant monks are scarce in this country, and we are apt to regard them rather as curiosities than as real clergymen. But an innovation is not to be condemned merely because it is an innovation, and it would certainly be grateful to the spirits of many of the faithful to see Bishop Huntington's office in due time pass to his son. A monk seems somewhat uncanny to us, but if more of our abler young men had at least so much of a monkish leaning as to take timely vows of comparative poverty, to the end that they might devote a greater share of their attention to the service of mankind, it might not be harmful. There is a vast work of civilization and adjustment to be done among us which will not be well done unless self-sacrifice and devotion can be made available for its accomplishment.

WE have enough self-sacrifice and devotion in this country to serve all our turns provided we can make them available at the right points. General Leonard Wood, it seems, is sufficiently endowed with them to remain in the army and continue his labors as Governor of Santiago in the face of an advantageous business proposition which, if he had accepted it, would have brought him home. There seems to be no doubt that the Washington Traction Company, which controls, or expects to control, all the electric railroads in and about Washington, offered to make General Wood its president, at a salary, some say, of $30,000 a year. General Wood seems to have had a strong natural inclination to accept the offer, and no doubt it was largely on this business that he came home. His present salary as brigadier-general is $5500, and between that and $30,000 a considerable gulf yawns. Nevertheless he has gone back to Cuba, and he has been quoted as saying that there are more things in the world than money, and that he expected to remain in the army as long as he was needed.

It cannot be doubted that his decision is right from his own point of view, as well as very welcome from ours. The war is over for many of our soldiers and generals, but not for General Wood. Every one seems to feel that as a Governor in Cuba he is pre-eminently the right man in the right place, and that so long as his health admits, it is of great importance that he should stay where he is, unless, indeed, he is called from his present post to another of the same sort and of still more importance. General Wood and General Wilson seem to have special gifts for getting along with the Cubans and doing them good. No one ought to feel at liberty to talk private business with either of them for the present.

AT this writing an interesting and expensive lawsuit is in progress in Judge Bookstaver's branch of the Supreme Court in New York, to determine the property rights of several distinguished coteries of ladies to the title of Colonial Dames. "The Colonial Dames of America" (Mrs. Elizabeth Coralie Gardiner, president) claim through Colonel Franklin Bartlett, their counsel, to be the original, blown in the glass, Colonial Dames, and aspire to be the only ones. They complain of the National Society of Colonial Dames (Mrs. Justine Van Rensselaer Townsend, president), and of the Colonial Dames of the State of New York, and of other States, for having unlawfully assumed the name of Colonial Dames, and ask the court to make them drop it. Mr. John M. Bowers has been counsel for the defendants, and he and Colonel Bartlett and Judge Bookstaver and forty or fifty ladies of notable lineage, deportment, and social position have had some very interesting sessions together. There seems to be no question as to the individual fitness of every lady concerned in this notable altercation to reflect the highest credit on any title it might please her to assume. Plaintiffs and defendants seem all to be birds of a feather, and of a particularly worshipful feather at that. They ought all to be of one flock, and so, it seems, the first intention was, but discord crept in, and disunion, and now litigation has followed.

It is sorrowful to think that however Judge Bookstaver decides the case, one parcel of dames will be displeased. They will all, however, have had a good run for their money, and that will mean much to them, for truly the sporting strain in this fine old Colonial blood seems notably strong.

Perhaps when the court has done its best and the law-fight is over it may be possible to mediate between the warring organizations and reconcile them. A Board of Mediation consisting, say, of Bishop Potter, Captain Mahan, and Mr. J. P. Morgan ought to be able, if opportunity were had, to bring all the Dames into a Colonial trust, the shares in which, on any reasonable basis of capitalization, would go to a premium at once.

WE hear more than usual in these days about Christian science. More cases of its failures to cure get into the papers. Its professors appear more often before the coroner than has been customary. It is getting a great deal of advertising, and not very helpful advertising either.

Publicity ought to be a sufficient cure for all that is dangerous in Christian science. Martyrdom is not what the Christian Scientists are after. Far from it. Some are after money, but far more have taken Christian science up because it seems to promise, like early rising, to make them healthy and wise. If its failures and dangers are as fully advertised as its claims and promises, the rest ought to take care of itself.

An astute male person who went to the recent Christian science round-up in Boston has published in the *Evening Post* his bland but amusing impressions of what he saw. He quotes in his discourse this paragraph from the editorial page of the *Christian Science Monthly:*

> *Christian Science Spoons.*—On each of these most beautiful spoons is a motto in bass-relief that every person on earth needs to hold in thought. Mother requests that Christian Scientists shall not ask to be informed what this motto is, but each Scientist shall purchase at least one spoon, and those who can afford it, one dozen spoons, that their families may read this motto at every meal and their guests be made partakers of its simple truth. MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

"Mother" deserves her success. The sun does not shine unimproved on her hay-field. There is a school of Christian Scientists, by-the-way, who do not revere her, and are not offended by the suggestion of a close resemblance between her and the late Lydia Pinkham. It has been asserted that the real inventor of her system was a man named Quimby, who was lowly minded and had no business enterprise, but practised without hire.

THERE is excitement in Glasgow over Lord Overtown, whose recent activity, in co-operation with others of the unco' guid, in trying to close the art-galleries and similar places of enjoyment in Glasgow on Sunday, has brought on close investigation of his own doings. It seems he owns a great chemical works near Glasgow, in which he pays low wages and compels his laborers, or some of them, to work Sundays. Accordingly Glasgow is having as much fun with him as a terrier with a rat, and the neighbors are joining in. He was chairman of a committee that engaged Mr. Moody the evangelist to come to Glasgow, and the fact that Mr. Moody has suddenly cancelled his engagement has been interpreted to imply dissatisfaction on Mr. Moody's part with his patrons.

There are queer people all over the world, and the queerest of all are the folks who have no realization at all of their own peculiarities. No doubt it is a profound surprise to Lord Overtown to have disparities found between his apparent principles and his practices. About a month ago, in New York, a lady and her husband were walking past the city dwelling of a very eminent and preposterously opulent trust millionaire, who is a pillar of one of the evangelical denominations, and exceedingly liberal in his gifts to it. Said the husband, "When I passed here this morning the garbage-cart was here, and I was shocked to see garbage, ashes, and papers all come out mixed up in the same cans." "You need not have been shocked," returned the lady. "John mixes up lots more things than that."

FOR the present the army canteen is to be continued. On June 24 the acting Secretary of War gave out to the newspapers that "when the subject was brought up by the case of the Camp Meade canteens the matter was thoroughly investigated by the department, and reports from officers in all branches of the service showed that from every stand-point the army canteen, as now operated, is infinitely better for the interest of the soldiers than the old system of post-traders and low groggeries on the outskirts of the posts."

The WEEKLY has believed, from such information as could be had, that the post-exchange system, of which the canteen is an important part, promoted order and decent living among the soldiers of the regular army. The War Department, after an investigation, which it says was thorough, believes so also. The saloon, therefore, for the present will have to do without most of the soldier trade.

It should be understood that the reason why the canteen is favored, and why its retention seems to be wise and right, is that it lessens drunkenness and misconduct. Very likely it is to some extent an evil, but if a great deal worse evil would result from abolishing it, it is commonsense to let it alone.

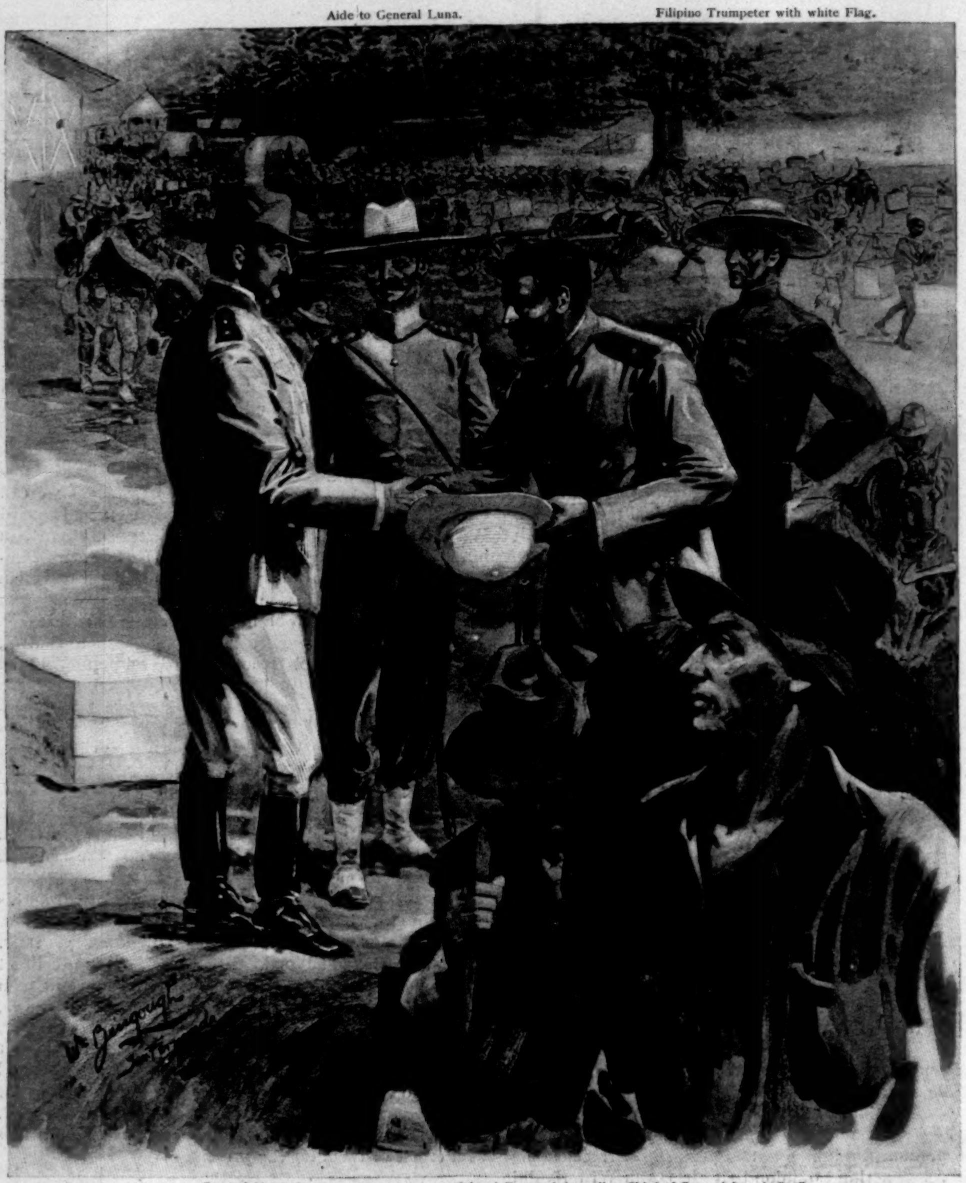
THE Duke of Westminster, a good man of very high character and very great wealth, is fond of horse-racing, and says there's no harm in betting so long as people don't bet more than they can afford to lose. That is true. Betting is not sinful in itself. It has a bad name because of the persistency with which folks who cannot afford it insist upon doing it. If we were all as rich and as wisely restrained as the Duke of Westminster, betting would no longer be a vice. As it is, ordinary betting is a venial offence compared with buying stocks with borrowed money, or going into a business that you do not understand. Business is respectable; betting isn't. But the risks of business are to the risks of ordinary betting as dollars are to doughnuts.

NONE of the injudicious friends of Admiral Schley has done anything funnier than has been done by a sincere but unwise admirer in Baltimore, who is sending through the mails a circular, adorned with flags and the Admiral's portrait, in which he says:

> The writer suggests that suitable action be taken by you in such a way and manner as you may deem best to inaugurate and celebrate Schley's victory on the coming 3d and 4th of July, and annually thereafter, as Schley and Independence day, liberty having been assured the Cubans by his victory.

The circular, which makes further suggestions in the same strain, is signed by a single name. Truly Admiral Schley has a good deal to contend with, and is perhaps entitled to more sympathy than he gets.

WILLIAM H. YOUNG,
Lawton's Chief of Scouts. Died May 16.



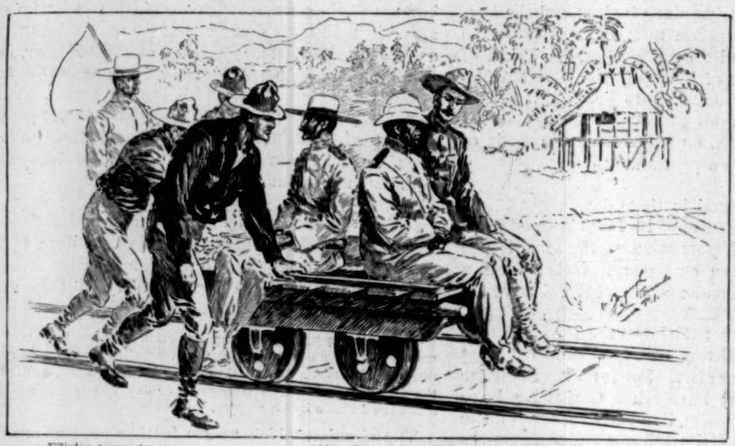
Aide to General Luna. Filipino Trumpeter with white Flag.

General MacArthur. Colonel Emanuel Arguelles, Chief of General Luna's Staff.

THE FILIPINO PEACE COMMISSIONERS LEAVING GENERAL MacARTHUR AT CALUMPIT.
Drawn by William Bengough, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" in the Islands.—[See Page 681.]

THE PLAZA AND CATHEDRAL AT BALIUAG—2d OREGON AND 3d ARTILLERY RESTING UNDER ARMS.

SAN FRANCISCO GUERRERO.
First Mayor of Baliuag under American Rule.

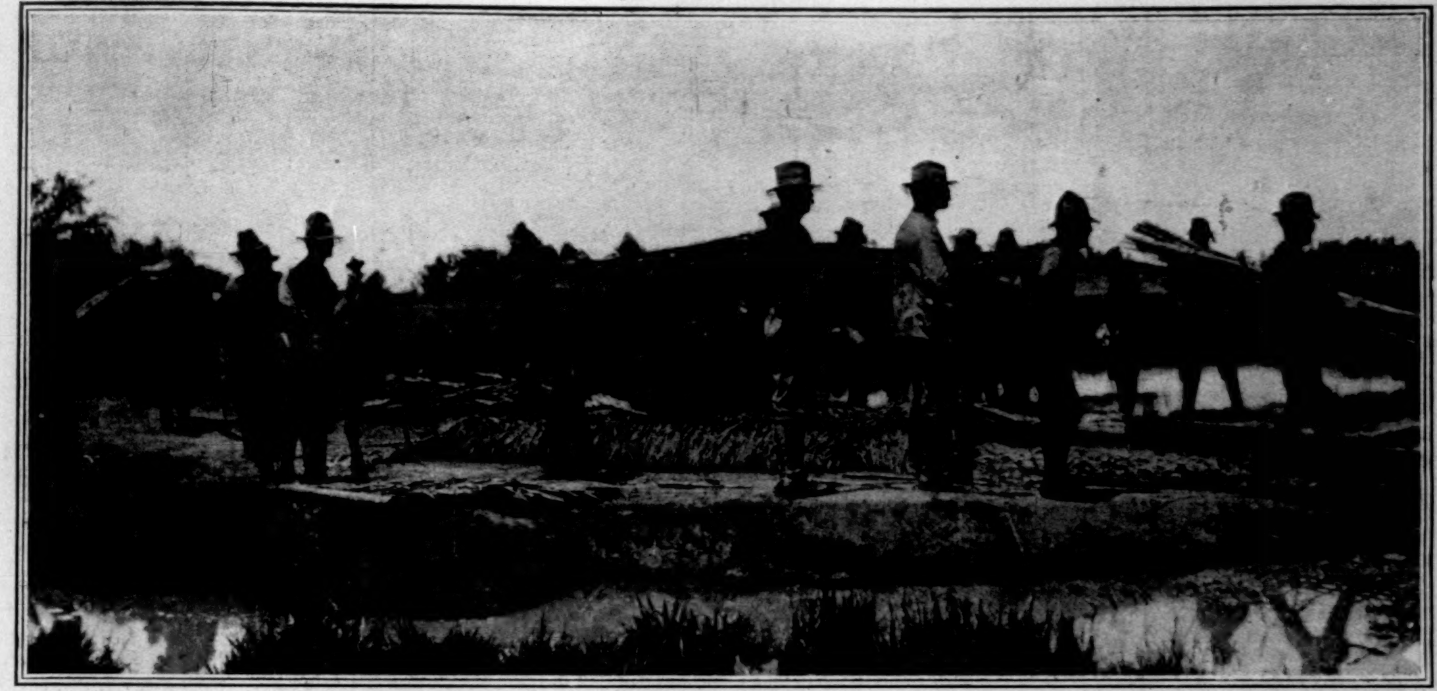


Filipino trumpeter. Aide. Colonel Arguelles. Major Mallory, U. S. V.

RETURN OF THE FILIPINO PEACE COMMISSIONERS.
Drawn by William Bengough.—[See Page 681.]

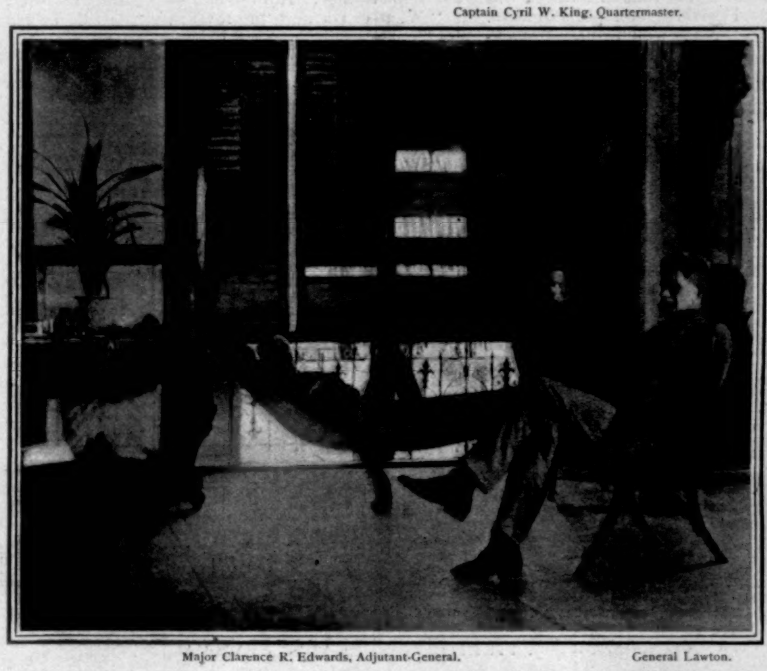
THE 3d INFANTRY RESTING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BALIUAG AFTER THE CAPTURE OF THE TOWN.

THE PHILIPPINES—WITH OUR ARMY FROM CALUMPIT TO BALIUAG.
Photographs by William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly" in the Islands.—[See Page 683.]



THE 13TH MINNESOTA CORDUROYING MUD-HOLES WITH THE WALLS OF NATIVE HOUSES ON THE ROAD TO MAASIN.

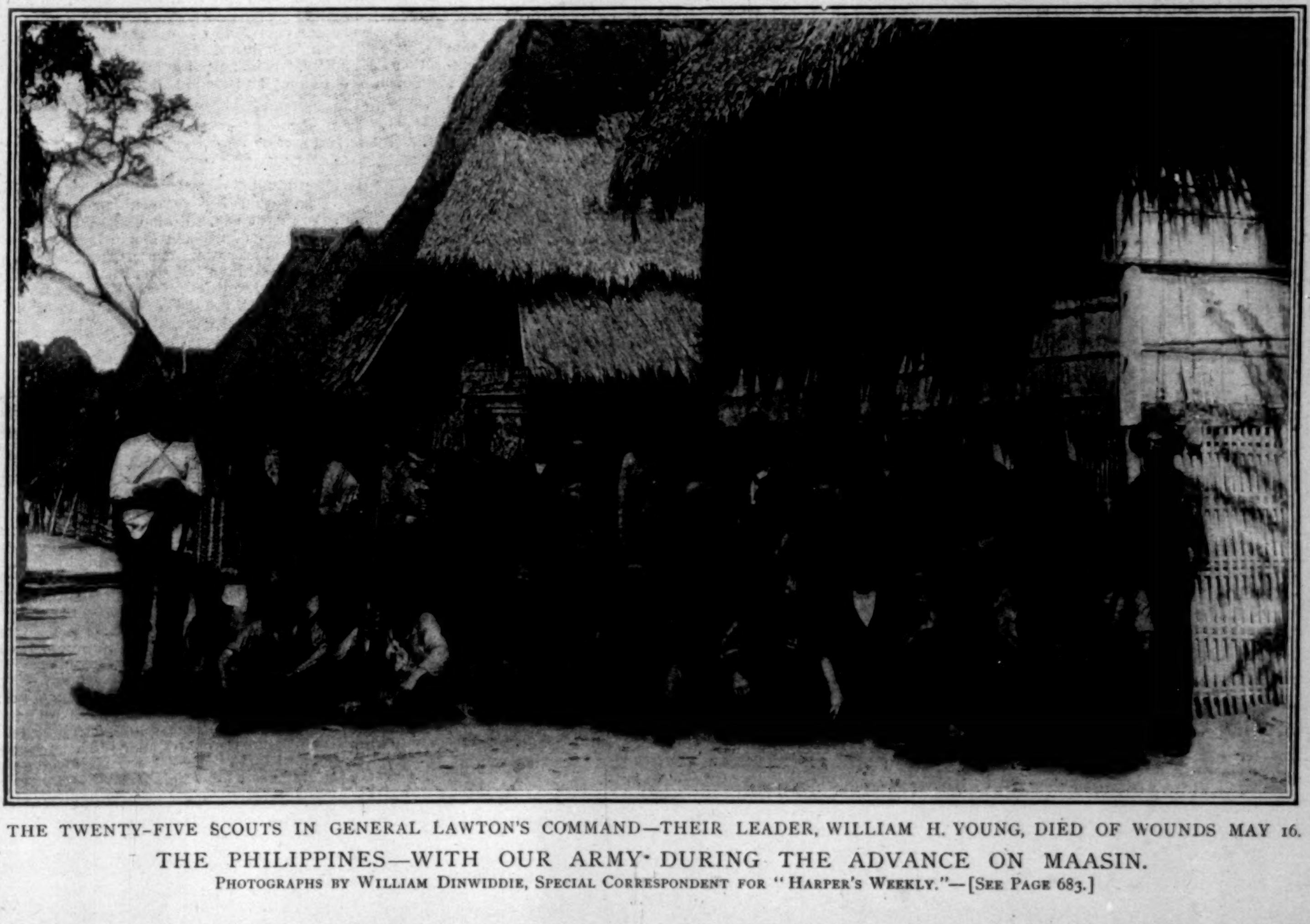
Captain Cyril W. King, Quartermaster.



Major Clarence R. Edwards, Adjutant-General. General Lawton.

GENERAL LAWTON AND MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF IN AGUINALDO'S OLD QUARTERS AT BALIUAG.

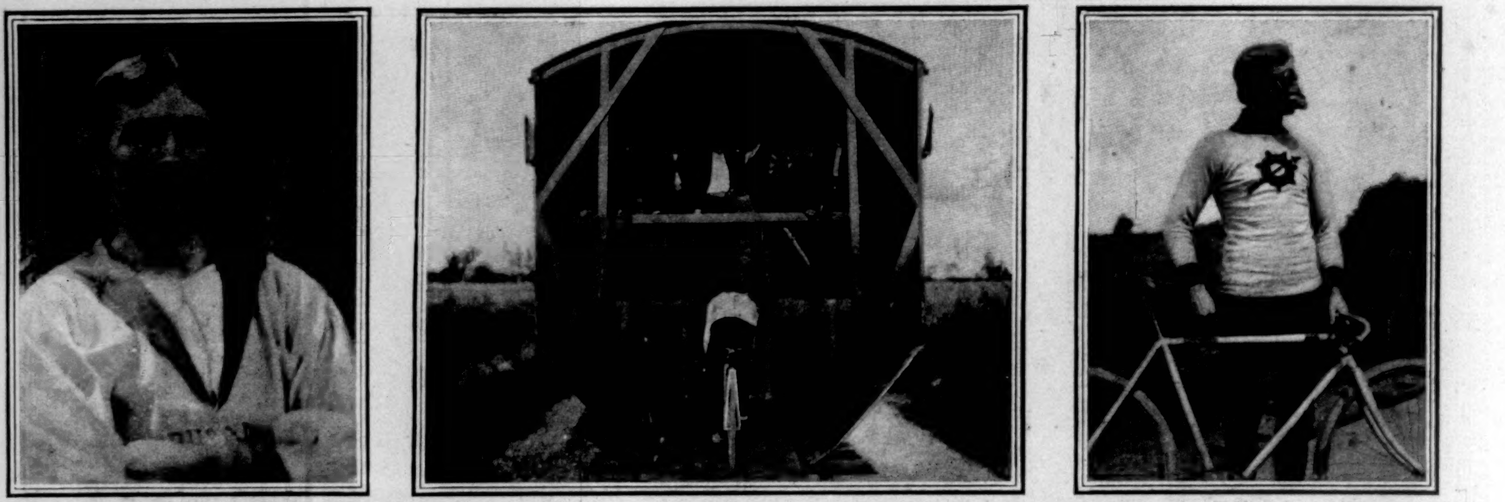
PASSING BAGS OF CAPTURED RICE OVER THE CONVENT WALLS TO FILIPINO NON-COMBATANTS AT ANGAT.



THE TWENTY-FIVE SCOUTS IN GENERAL LAWTON'S COMMAND—THEIR LEADER, WILLIAM H. YOUNG, DIED OF WOUNDS MAY 16.

THE PHILIPPINES—WITH OUR ARMY DURING THE ADVANCE ON MAASIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 683.]



CHARLES M. MURPHY.

DURING THE RIDE.

READY FOR THE TRIAL.

A MILE AWHEEL IN SIXTY-FIVE SECONDS—PACED BY A LONG ISLAND RAILROAD ENGINE.

Charles M. Murphy beating all Records, on a specially constructed Track, June 21, 1899.—[See Page 680.]

Disarming the Cubans

"THE Liberating Army of Cuba resents it, sir," said the General, in his very best manner. "They are not hirelings, sir; they are patriots—grand patriots"—all of which, being in Spanish, was interpreted for me by our mutual friend Vargas, as we three sat discussing affairs in "The Mascotte" café in Remedios, Cuba. This was Friday; yesterday, Thursday, over one thousand grand patriots surrounded the municipal building in Remedios, armed with Remingtons, Sharps, Mausers, Springfields, and every other description of fire-arm ever made, howling, shouting, chattering, and watching with eager eyes the American commission doling out to their more fortunate comrades (who had evidently come early to avoid the rush) the seventy-five pesos—Americano—which our benevolent government had allotted every Cuban soldier on the army rolls. The troops being paid were the Remedios regiments of the 4th Corps, and as they stood huddled together, devoid of everything military—at least so far as external appearances went—I was strongly reminded (barring the arms which they carried) of a pay-day on the levee at New Orleans.

The commission appointed to pay the 4th Corps consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Rafferty, Second Cavalry, Captain James B. Hickey, Eighth Cavalry, and two Cuban staff-officers, who had charge of the rolls.

A detail of thirty men of the Tenth Infantry, under Lieutenant Gatlin, guarded the coffers containing the $500,000 which the commission had with them.

It was a relief to see the neat, clean, well-groomed "soldado americano" walking post in front of the municipal building, apparently oblivious of the remarks and attention his presence excited. When the crowd drew too near his beat he quietly moved them back, with all the dignified indifference of a man quite sure of his position.

The manner of disarming adopted by the commission has all the elements of simplicity—a pronouncedly necessary factor in dealing with these people.

The soldier is brought into the commission's office, turns over his arms to the armorers (Cubans) appointed by the alcalde, is identified by a field-officer of his regiment, touches the pen, and then draws his pay. It is a very simple plan, and has so far worked very well.

The only opposition to the scheme has been on the part of some of the general officers of the Cuban army, who, unlike Cincinnatus, have no desire to return to the plough. Having tasted the fruits of military command, it is hard for them to return to the prosaic duties of civil life.

And the General? It was after the first day's payment, and again we sat in the café; this time the tipple was tamarindo, and the General subdued and philosophical. In the general room the ex-soldiers were drinking, smoking, and chattering, while occasionally the clink, clink of "American money" came to our ears.

"The grand patriots?" I ventured to remark.

"Are wise," answered the General, promptly.

My Spanish being now almost exhausted, I asked him through "Vargas" why he had changed his mind so radically. For a time he was silent, and then he asked,

"The American government is paying how much to each man?"

"Seventy-five pesos," I answered—"Americano."

"What do you think the ordinary rifle that has been turned in is worth?"

"I don't know. Not much," I ventured to reply.

"What can a new, improved, reliable rifle be bought for?"

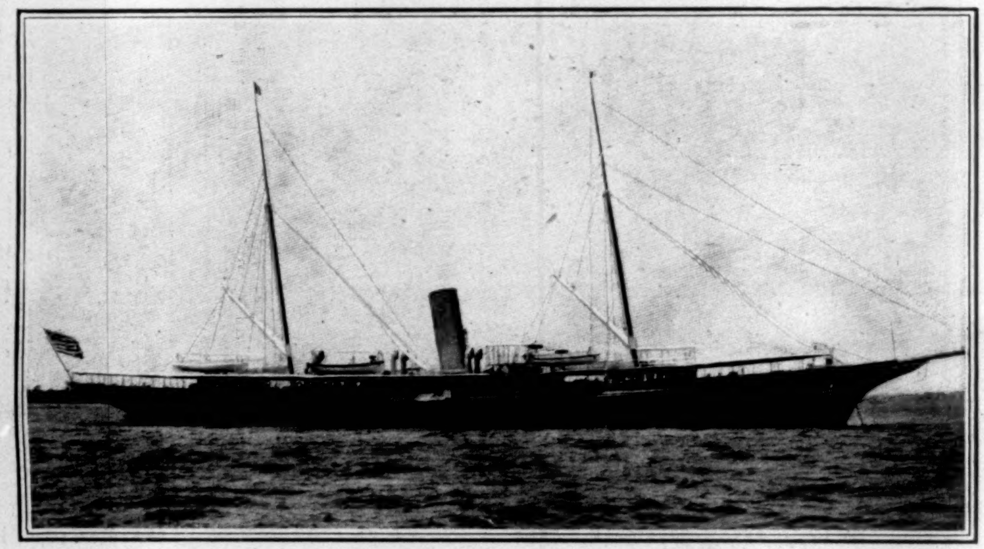
"About twenty-five dollars, perhaps."

"And the American government pays him how much for his old one?"

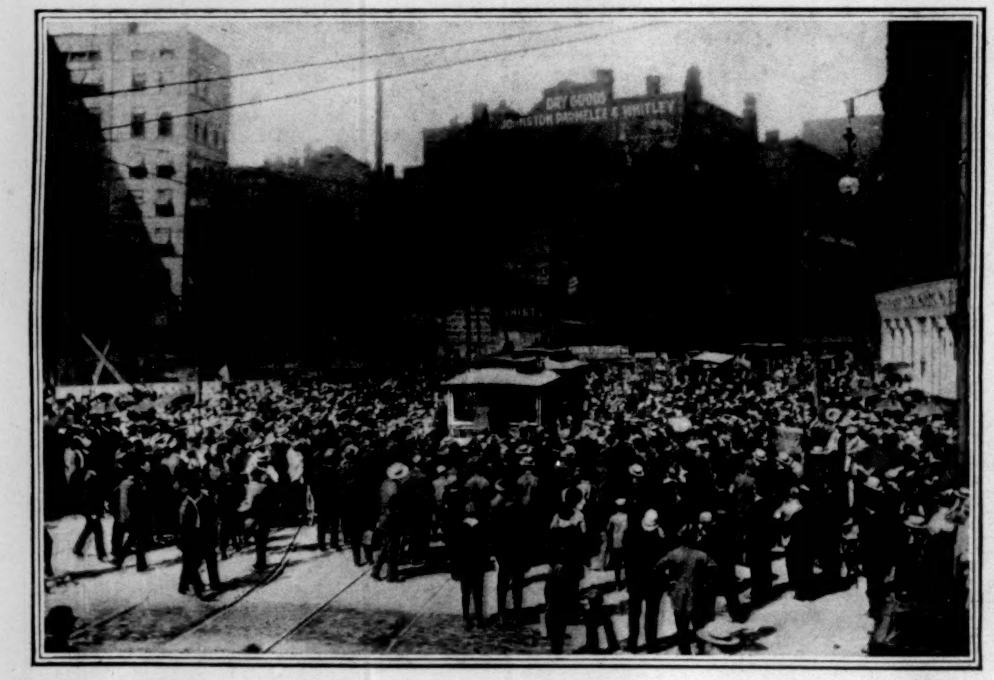
"Seventy-five pesos," I answered, somewhat testily.

"Well, then," continued the General, gazing at me rather quizzically, "is he not wise? Entiende!"

And I confess my tamarindo had lost its flavor.



"CORSAIR," COMMODORE J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S NEW YACHT.



CLEVELAND—THE "TROLLEY" STRIKE—SCENE ON EUCLID AVENUE.

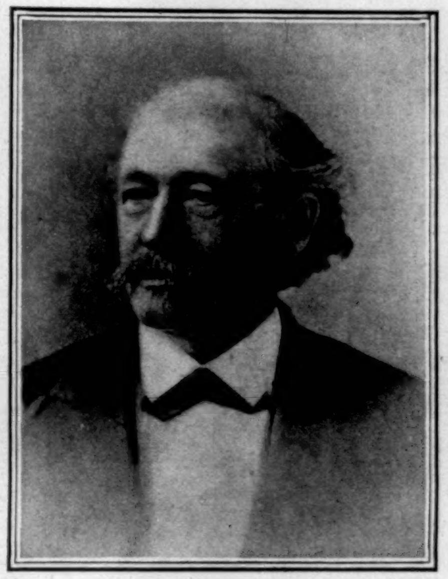
Bernhardt as Hamlet

INSULAR prejudice may have something to do with it, but now that I have seen her play *Hamlet*, Sarah Bernhardt is not divine. Shakspere is ours (and yours) essentially and alone; it was therefore a bold and plucky thing for a French woman to attempt the portrayal of the most complex character to be found in English drama. Her success is, unfortunately, not unqualified. On Monday night it was not *our Hamlet*, nor Shakspere's subtle Prince. It was not—and this is also to the point—the world's divine Sarah—that Sarah who with unprecedented art can make the melodrama, the horror, and the hideousness of *La Tosca* palatable, and who can with infinite pity make us weep bitter tears of regret for *Camille;* the Bernhardt of the voice like glorious music, of the wonderful snake-like movements, of the frenzied bursts of passion, and of the exquisite modulation into love. Do we not know every phase of her—and love it? But as the young Prince of Denmark? No! An impetuous, fascinating, youthful, fair-haired lad she makes him, but he is rather the hero in a melodrama than the moody, half-mad student Prince of Denmark. She takes from him the dreaminess, the poetry, the mysticism, that are his by right and tradition, for she turns a complex, subtle character into a straightforward young champion. More like that Childe Roland who "to the dark tower came" than the unhappy, ever-brooding, old-for-his-age boy of Denmark. Quick, volatile, impressionable—in short, she makes him French, forgetting, or unable to realize, that *Hamlet* was a Dane.

It was a long performance on Monday night. Every seat in the Adelphi Theatre was taken. Many French people were in the house, and Madame Bernhardt's reception was enthusiastic. But the question resolved itself into this: Has Madame Bernhardt added to her reputation by her *Hamlet?* I think not—in England, at all events. And, after all, on *Hamlet*, Anglo-Saxons are privileged to give an opinion.

ARNOLD WHITE.

SARA BERNHARDT AS *HAMLET*,
At the Adelphi Theatre, London.

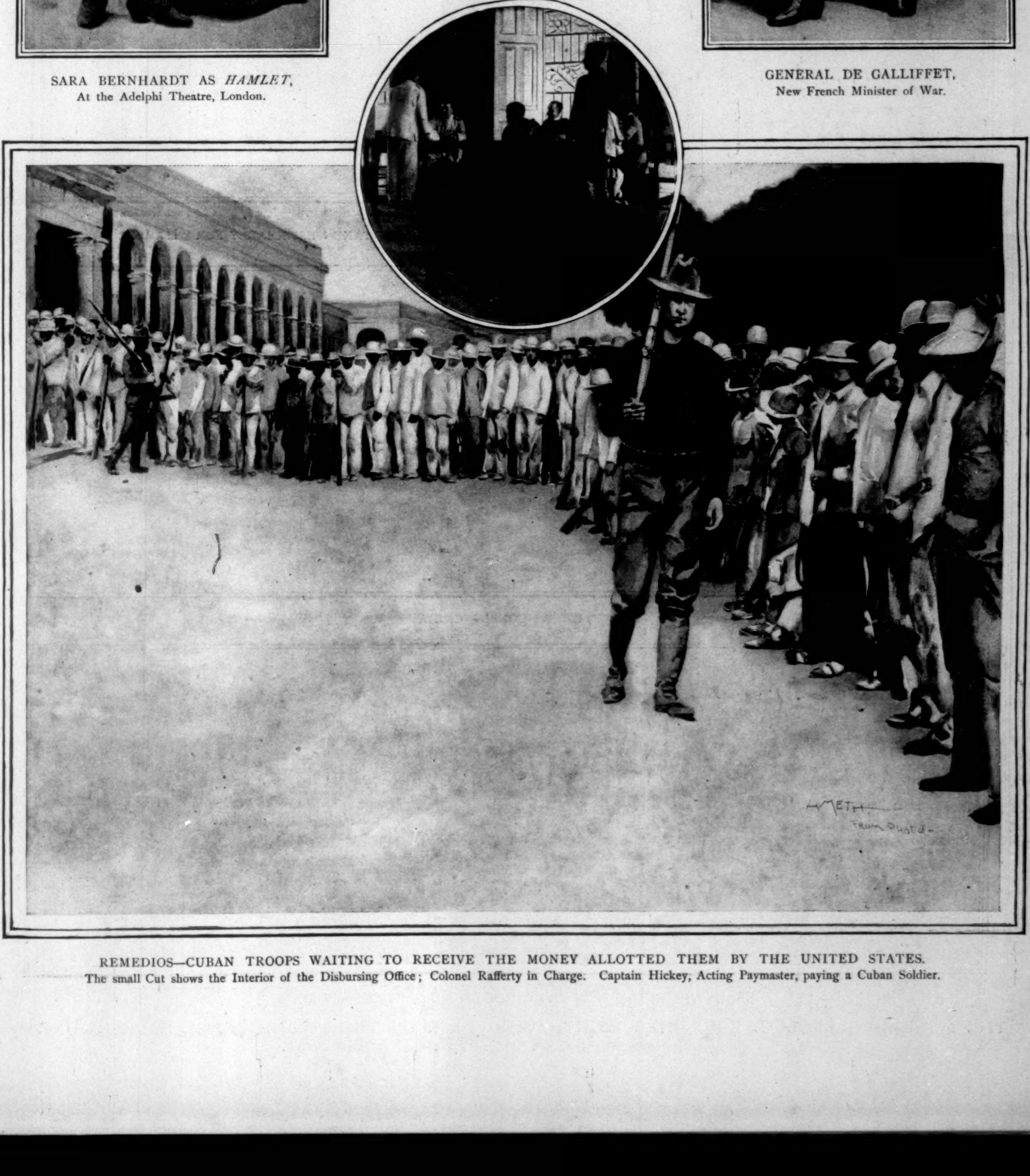


BORN OCTOBER 27, 1819. DIED JUNE 23, 1899.

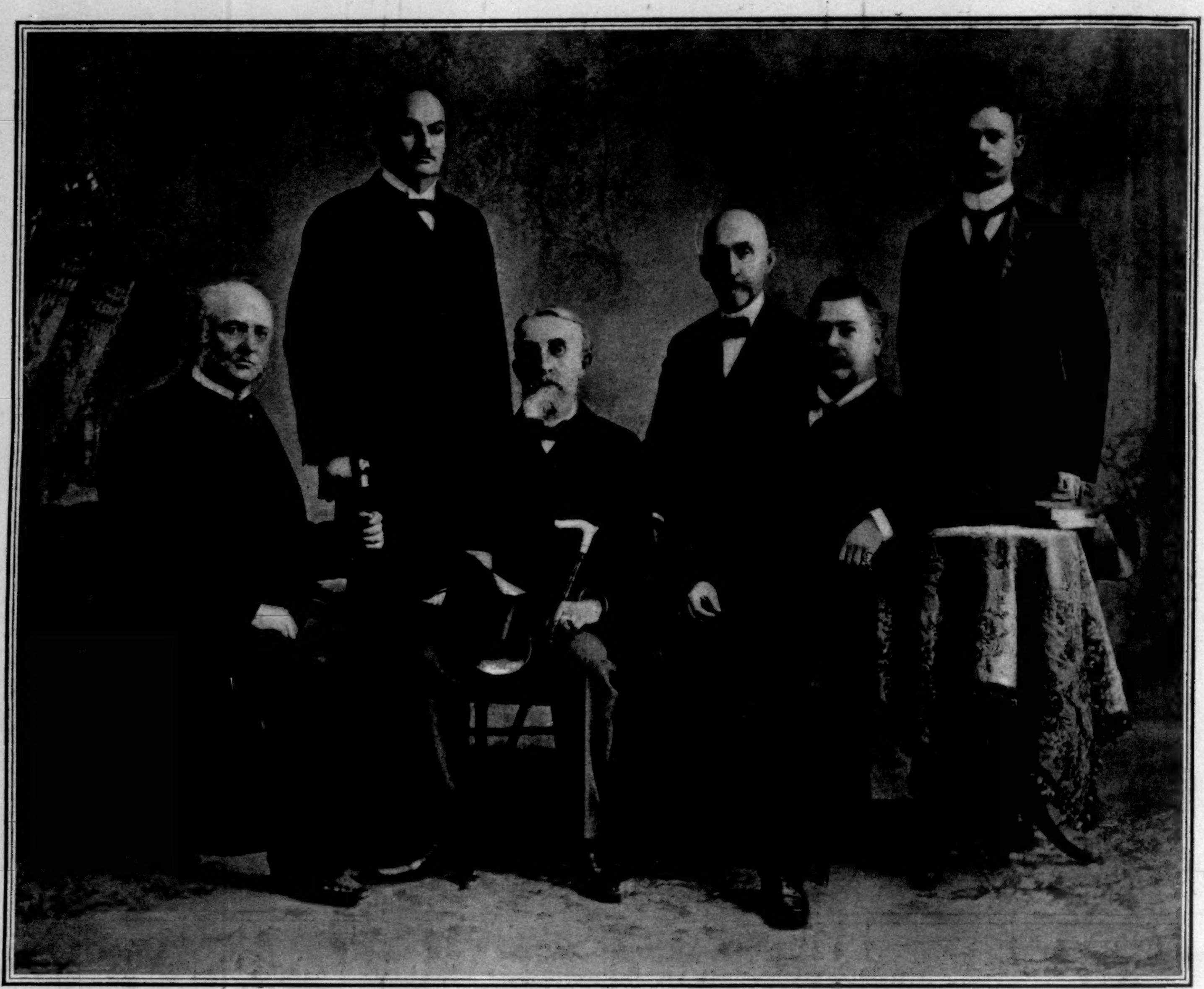
Henry B. Plant

MR. PLANT was one of the first men to realize the great possibilities of return from judicious investments in the South. After the close of the civil war he went there and built or purchased a number of railroads to connect the cotton belt with the market. The congeries of railroad and steamship lines known as the Plant system, covering six States, and with vessels plying to Canada and to Cuba, is the result of his efforts.

GENERAL DE GALLIFFET,
New French Minister of War.



REMEDIOS—CUBAN TROOPS WAITING TO RECEIVE THE MONEY ALLOTTED THEM BY THE UNITED STATES.
The small Cut shows the Interior of the Disbursing Office; Colonel Rafferty in Charge. Captain Hickey, Acting Paymaster, paying a Cuban Soldier.

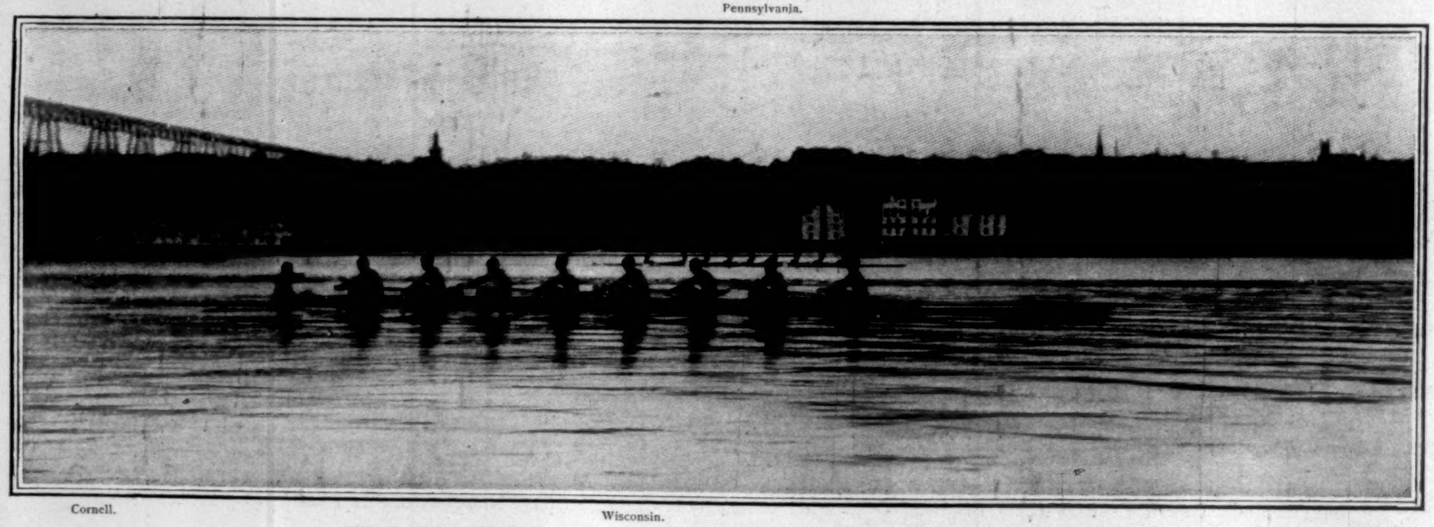


Stanford Newel, U. S. Minister at the Hague. F. W. Holls, Sec. to the Commissioners. Andrew D. White, U. S. Ambassador at Berlin. Capt. Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N. Pres. Seth Low. Capt. William Crozier, U. S. A.

AMERICAN PEACE COMMISSIONERS AT THE HAGUE.—Photograph taken especially for "Harper's Weekly."

Photograph by Gallup & Co., Poughkeepsie.

THE WISCONSIN CREW.



NEAR THE FINISH—PENNSYLVANIA LEADING, WISCONSIN SECOND.

THE QUADRI-COLLEGIATE FOUR-MILE EIGHT-OARED RACE ON THE POUGHKEEPSIE COURSE, JUNE 27.
Photograph taken especially for "Harper's Weekly" by James Burton.

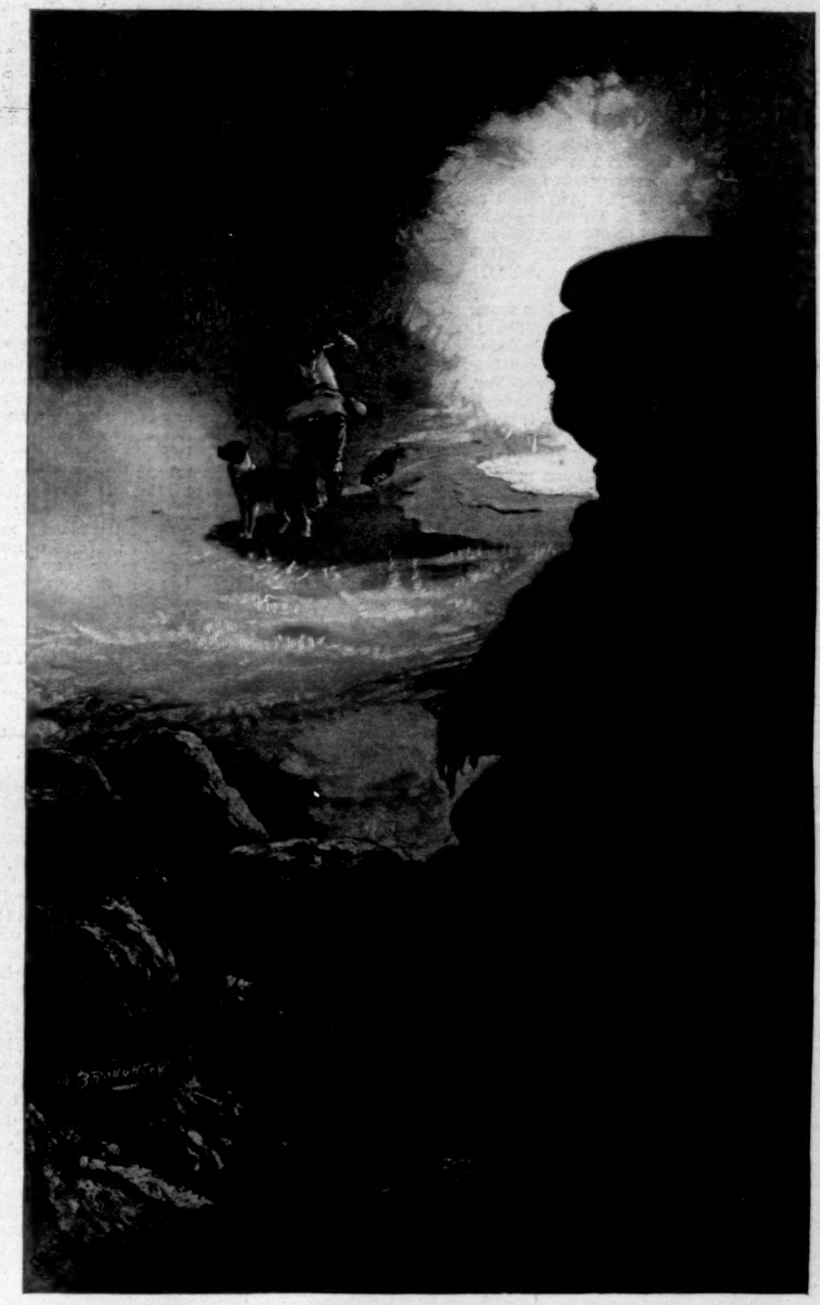
THE DEMON OF NGAURAHOE.

By Owen Hall

PART I.

HOW WE DEFIED HIM.

IT was a beautiful evening in late October. The sun had but just gone down in a blaze of ruddy gold behind the distant forest-clad ranges of hills that lay between us and the wide expanse of the western ocean. His rays still lingered in the western sky in a golden halo that shot up in long shafts of glory to the zenith, and cast a soft after-glow of reflection upon the wild and rugged scene by which we were surrounded. To the east our view was barred by the dark mass of the mountain, around whose wide base we had been slowly making our way for the last eight hours. Seen now in the fading light, there was something singularly impressive about the giant cone which rose, black, solid, and defiant, into the still evening sky. Just below us there ran a little stream which forced its way amongst stones and bowlders of every shape and size, that threatened to fill up the gully which threaded its devious course through the rock-strewed plain. Here and there a green spot close to the water showed where a tuft of mossy grass clung to a little spot of earth stranded in that wilderness of rock. Excepting this, not a sign of vegetation was in sight. Far and wide over the plain, stretching apparently for many miles, the same desolate confusion alone was visible. Hurled this way and that, piled up in heaps, or scattered broadcast like the fragments of a shattered mountain, the same black rocks covered the plain.



"HECTOR STOOD MOTIONLESS. . . . PATARA HAD TURNED, AND WITH A FRANTIC EFFORT SOUGHT A WAY PAST THE RAGING RIVER OF FIRE."

For a minute my companion and I stood irresolute. It was only for a minute, however, and then Hamilton, always the first to act in his impulsive fashion—exclaiming, "Well, here goes! No hope of reaching Matata to-night, so we may as well camp here"—proceeded to loosen the pack-saddle from his pony.

We had travelled thus far with the intention of seeing the country, and also with a rather vague idea of climbing the peak of Ruapehu, the highest point of land in northern New Zealand. Ruapehu, with its huge blunt peak of silvery white, still lay at least two days' journey before us, but the short-cut which we had been recommended to try had brought us to the foot of the little known but mysterious mountian of Ngauraboe.

"I can't get the place out of my head," said Hamilton at last, drawing a long breath, and turning to me. "What do you say, Hall, shall we climb it?"

"Climb it?" I repeated. "I doubt whether we could do that, even if the natives would allow it. You know there's a great 'Tapu' on the mountain. A sinister and powerful demon is supposed to dwell on it."

"Despite Tapu or demon," said Hamilton, "I shall see what it is." He rose, patted the great head of Hector, his noble St. Bernard dog, and proceeded to prepare himself a couch under the shadow of our little tent.

I still sat on the fragment of rock I had occupied, thinking over Hamilton's suggestion. The idea had something of the fascination I had already felt for the place and the scene. Yet the difficulties were almost insurmountable. I knew that the natives had themselves an intensely superstitious reverence for the mountain, and would not willingly see the attempt made to violate its immemorial solitude. And even if they could be persuaded or evaded, could we surmount the physical obstacles? If the mountain itself were only like its surroundings, it would be no easy matter to make the ascent.

Lost in thought, I gazed round me into the starlit darkness of the night. A low growl from Hector startled me. The dog was lying, his great head resting between his fore paws, just outside the tent. I glanced round quickly and looked at him. He had raised his head suspiciously, and again he growled uneasily. "Hector!" I said. "Hector! Good dog! What is it?" He half rose, then sank back again into his attitude of watchful rest. Startled more than was reasonable by the dog's alarm, I gazed round once more. There was nothing. The same misty outlines around me; the same dark shadow in front; the same liquid darkness on every side. My eye involuntarily rested on the dark shadow which I knew indicated the mountain. Then it followed the shadow upwards till it reached the summit. Above it was the deep clear blue of the sky with its thousand points of light. But no! Not just above it! There a misty dimness came between. I could see the glimmer of the stars through it, indeed, but they were no longer clear. As I looked, there came a flash, sudden and bright, yet more like a sudden glow reflected from an opened furnace than a flash of lightning. Suddenly as it came, it seemed to linger, and die slowly away from the reflecting vapor. Was this what had startled the dog? I thought not, for now he took no notice.

So Ngaurahoe was not so inactive, after all! The demon of the mountain was wakeful even now. As the thought passed through my mind I became aware of a sound—strange, low, and weird—like the grinding of some huge roller crushing the heaped-up rocks in its path; it seemed to come towards me. I bent forward and listened. Hector pricked up his ears and listened too. Then he growled—the same doubtful, suspicious growl as before. Even while he growled it reached us. There was a faint stirring of the ground—a gentle heaving motion. The rocks around and the tent beside me seemed for a moment to rise and fall gently, like an anchored boat on a calm sea. Then it passed. Slowly it seemed to move on—with the same strange unearthly rumbling noise—it passed on and left me. "Ha!" I muttered to myself. "An earthquake! This grows exciting! One might fancy the demon had heard Hamilton's threat and resented it!"

Hamilton was up when I awoke, and I found that he had already fed the ponies. He was all eagerness to explore the sacred mountain. The sights and sounds of the night before were still fresh in my memory, and they still fired my imagination. I opposed my friend's eager desire to climb to the summit and view the crater, but in my inmost heart I was just as eager as he was to do both.

We made an early start, and although we found the country at least as rough and impracticable as before, it was still early in the afternoon when at last we reached the native village of Matata. Here we met the customary cordial greeting given to strangers and travellers. The settlement turned out *en masse* to give us welcome. Old men in flowing blankets and darkly tattooed faces. Young men also in blankets, but with faces only as dark as Heaven made them without the artificial aid of tattooing. Old women, indescribable both in costume and in the curious sun-dried ugliness of their faces; and young women and girls strangely pleasing in spite of dark skins and flat noses. Children of both sexes in little clothing and nothing distinctive; and long-nosed pigs of inquisitive dispositions, who mingled freely with the throng. These, with the dogs, whose name should have been Legion, but whose actual names it would have been hard to learn and harder to remember, made up the entire live population of the village—always excepting the insect population, whose acquaintance we made later on. Surrounded and accompanied by these, we were conducted into the centre of the village enclosure and invited to make ourselves at home.

Privacy is not the strong point of Maori hospitality, and it was therefore in the full blaze of that fierce light which beats upon a visitor in a native village in New Zealand that we unburdened our ponies of their loads and proceeded to set up our tent and make our arrangements. This did not take long—and although the curiosity of children, pigs, and dogs retarded matters somewhat, we had, before dark, made our final arrangements, and had a kettle boiling over a fire made for us by one or two of the old women close to our tent. Meanwhile our ponies had been carefully tethered out on the grass surrounding the village, which, like all New Zealand native villages, stood on a perfect oasis of grass and peach-trees. To Hector had fallen the most difficult part of the play, and nothing but his vast size and equally vast dignity of deportment had averted hostilities. Fortunately Hamilton and I had agreed upon the course we would take before reaching the village, as any private conversation would have been impossible afterwards. We had decided to broach the subject and try to obtain such help as the village could afford in the way of a guide. With this object we encouraged the advances of the older men, and even invited them to have whiskey—a compliment as rare as it is grateful to the average Maori mind. We were unquestionably popular. The older men sat with us in a ring round the fire, smoking with much complacency. The younger ones stood behind them watching the proceedings with grave interest. The children and dogs made short predatory incursions through the gaps in the line, and were usually driven back with loss.

It was under these conditions that I opened up the subject of our proposed attempt to investigate the wonders of the sacred mountain. I flatter myself that I introduced the idea with caution and some discretion, and I was surprised at the excitement which it produced. The older natives, indeed, confined themselves to a series of emphatic denials. "Kahore! Kahore!"—the emphatic "No!" of the Maori—was passed from mouth to mouth, while each old chief took the black stump of his pipe from his mouth to say it, and then paused to see the effect on the audacious strangers of his expression of opinion. With the younger men it was different. The interest and excitement amongst them were quite as great as amongst their elders, but they were of a different sort and differently expressed. There could be no doubt that we were universally regarded as men of a rash courage which might be foolhardy, but was deserving of a certain amount of respect. The short exclamations of wonder which we heard on all sides, spoken generally under the breath, impressed me with the idea that our younger listeners had at least some sympathy with our proposed attempt. I could speak but few words of the Maori language, and found it hard to explain my reasons for wishing to examine the volcano, but it was evident that the reasons mattered little. By this time it had grown nearly dark, and the old head chief invited us to come into the principal house of the village, in which he lived, and there continue the conversation. We adjourned accordingly, leaving Hector in charge of the tent. Here the same ground was gone over again as we sat in a wide circle round the fire that burned redly in the centre of the large hut. I found the head chief, and indeed all the older men, strongly opposed to my proposal, and fully determined to have nothing to do with so sacrilegious an attempt. Undoubtedly they would gladly have prevented it, if need be, by force. Times, however, had changed, and they were not prepared to do more than warn us in the strongest terms of our danger. This the head chief did with impressive solemnity of manner. Curiously enough, just as he had finished speaking, and while absolute silence prevailed in the hut, there came the same strange unearthly noise, followed by the same heaving tremor, I had experienced the night before. The old chief silently held up his hand in an attitude of attention, while the sound crept nearer, reached us, and passed on, as it had done the night before. Then he slowly let it drop on his knee, with the one word "Taniwha" (Demon), and a significant glance at Hamilton and me. After this I saw that argument was useless. Whatever we did must be done without the assistance of the tribe. The Taniwha had spoken!

Hamilton and I retired to our tent and discussed the situation. The native opposition was not active enough to prevent our undertaking the adventure, but it was quite lively enough to render it difficult to do so. The village had sunk into sleep and silence. An occasional bark from one of the curs, an uneasy grunt from one of the pigs, had for some time been the only sounds that reached our ears. Hector lay like the image of an ideal dog in front of the tent, as still as though carved in marble. Suddenly he stirred and raised his head. Then he emitted a low deep growl. We looked out hastily and saw a dark figure grow out of the darkness that surrounded us and stealthily approach the tent. In another moment I recognized the figure—a very noticeable one—of a young man, the son of the head chief. I pacified Hector and silently welcomed the new-comer. Without a word he stooped and entered the tent. Without a word he seated himself and looked at Hamilton and me. He was a very fine specimen of a Maori of the younger generation, tall and powerfully built, with well-formed features and an open countenance, such a man as the old chief might have been before tattooing destroyed his face and age bent his figure. After a pause he asked in broken English whether we still meant to climb Ngauraboe. When he saw that we did he sat silently for some time. Then, in a tone of inquiry, he uttered the one word, "Taniwha?"

"Confound Taniwha!" was the impulsive rejoinder of Hamilton. Our guest, whose name I afterwards learned was Patara, merely turned an inquiring glance upon him. "What I mean," said Hamilton, hastily, "is that Taniwhas are all nonsense. There are no demons, or anything of that sort, either in the mountain or elsewhere."

"Not afraid?" asked our visitor, after another pause.

"No," I said; "certainly not of Taniwhas! There may be danger, but not of that sort!"

Patara sat for some minutes in silence. Then he lifted his head and looked at us. "I go too?" he asked at last. I was delighted at the proposal, as it promised to remove a large part of our difficulty—that of the lower ascent. It was only the upper cone that was sacred, and the lower slopes were known to all the more adventurous of the young men. We made haste to close with Patara's offer, and proceeded to discuss the arrangements. It then appeared that our new ally would only act secretly. If it were even guessed, he would certainly, he told us, be stopped by the superstitious fears of his father and the tribe. The Taniwha was still a principal article of faith with the tribe—he was, in fact, a much valued possession. After a long talk we arranged where we should meet Patara, and proceeded to toast the success of the enterprise. "To our success and safe return!" I said, as I lifted the cup to my lips. Both my companions followed my example. In the very act I paused—in the very motion I suspended my hand. Again, from far up the mountain, came the sound! It crept on; it reached us, with a gentle heaving tremor; it passed; it died away! My eyes rested on Patara's face. I fancy it paled for a single instant, but if so he instantly recovered.

"Confound the Taniwha!" he repeated, and drank the toast.

PART II.

THE DEMON ANSWERS.

THE next day was a busy one. We had to convince Apirahama (Abraham), the old chief, that in spite of his warning, even when endorsed by that of the Taniwha in person, we still meant to explore the mountain. This was a work of time. It took hours to accustom the old chief's mind to such a mental phenomenon, and hours more to induce him to become even tacitly a party to such an act of audacious folly. It was only when it became clear to the old man that we should certainly go in any case, that his practical instincts began to open to the advantages he might derive by constituting himself our heir. We proposed to leave our ponies, tents, and baggage in his keeping till our return—a contingency which was manifestly in his eyes so improbable as to render him practically owner of our effects. The consideration had a soothing effect upon his mind, and we had no more appeals from the Maori patriarch to abandon the sacrilegious attempt. On the contrary, I was amused to observe how, in a quiet and stealthy fashion, he began to aid and abet us in our folly, so that by nightfall we had made all our arrangements for an early start next morning. The Taniwha, too, had been quiescent throughout the day. Either because we were intent on other things, or because there were actually no volcanic phenomena, we were not once reminded of the possible objections entertained by the demon of the mountain to our enterprise.

It was scarcely more than dawn when my companion roused me, and we lost no time in getting breakfast and packing up our tent and other property. We were attended to the base of the mountain by the whole village population — men, women, children, dogs, and even pigs — whose varied forms of farewell filled the air with discordant sounds. No one came with us when we entered on the first slope. However much Abraham might appreciate our succession, he was careful not to mix the tribe up in any overt acts that might naturally give offence to the demon. We waved the patriarch and his people a cordial farewell, and turned to the ascent.

From the first it was rough and steep. Here and there masses of black porous-looking rock jutted out of the face of the slope, but for the most part the principal obstacles were the avalanches of small stones and gravel that broke away beneath our tread and poured in streams down the hill, rendering it difficult for any one to follow in the path of the leader. Hector accompanied us in a sedate but by no means enthusiastic fashion. He showed excellent judgment in selecting his own path, and hardly ever started one of those embarrassing cataracts of gravel that were so troublesome. After about an hour of climbing, we reached the tree which Patara had fixed on as the meeting-place. Our Maori friend was seated calmly on a rock under the shade of the solitary laurel, whose dense green foliage seemed so strangely out of place in that wilderness of black rock and gravel. Like ourselves, Patara was equipped with a long, straight staff, and had strapped across his shoulders a gourd full of water. For the rest, he was not overburdened with clothing. A pair of trousers, cut off at the knee, and a print calico shirt, the untrammelled ends of which floated loosely in the breeze, constituted his entire outfit. He rose from the rock to meet us, and with the cheerful greeting, "Tena-koe!" ("There you are!") of his people, took his place as guide at the head of our little column.

We got on better under Patara's guidance. He was evidently familiar with the lower slopes of the mountain, and was able to avoid the worst places. Yet the ascent was toilsome. Even the lower steps of the throne of the great Taniwha were not easy of ascent. About eleven o'clock Patara came to a standstill. The spot was a striking one! As far as we had come, the slope, though steep, had been nearly uniform. Where we now stood there was a change. Now we had reached a position, as I judged, about half-way up the ascent. Below us the mountain seemed from above to be almost a smooth slope, gently losing itself in the rugged wilderness of broken rocks at the bottom. The hot sun lit up the dark face of the hill, and lay like a sheet of silver over the wide expanse of desert below. Far off the sunlight gleamed upon forests extending in long billows of dullish green to where a brighter gleam on the western horizon indicated the ocean. Above us the hill rose suddenly into a wall of black rock perhaps two hundred feet in height.

Patara pointed upwards, and said, quietly, "Tapu!" This, then, was the sacred line which none might pass! I looked at it again, and asked the question, "Can we get up?" Patara understood, and at once set my doubts at rest. Seating himself on a mass of rocks that seemed to have fallen from the cliff overhead, he observed, "Kaikai inanahi! Tai-hoa, Taniwha!" (Food now! The demon by-and-by!) I accepted the programme without remonstrance. I too sat down, and produced the food we had brought. As we ate it, Patara made us understand that the present was the limit of his own actual knowledge, excepting that there was a spot some way round the mountain where a cleft occurred in the rocky rampart, known as "the Taniwha's gate," through which we could ascend further; how far he could not tell.

After a short rest we followed our conductor once more. He led us along the foot of the cliff, perhaps half a mile, when suddenly, without warning, we found ourselves in front of a great rift in the rock. Its true character was plain enough, but its wild appearance certainly justified its name. Here a great floe of lava had evidently burst the wall raised by some former eruption. Right and left the huge mass of rock had been driven out and burst into fragments by the pressure of the lava river from above, and had been scattered far and wide down the mountain slope. Under our feet, in a black smooth mass, were the last waves of the molten river of rock. Here it had descended in a smooth stream; there it had fallen in cascades of liquid fire from ledge to ledge. In both positions it had been solidified as it flowed.

Hamilton exclaimed, "Hurrah for the Taniwha!" and sprang up the slope, followed closely by Hector. I glanced at Patara. For a few moments he stood looking through the Demon's gate. There was a strange expression on his face—a strange look in his eyes as they followed the man and dog over the fatal line. Then he turned and looked back. Far below, nestling, one little spot of green amidst the surrounding desert of rock, lay the village of his tribe. I looked also, and I wondered what thoughts passed through his mind as thus he defied the traditions of his race. It was but for a moment. He turned to me once more, with a smile on his face, and with the single word "Haere-mai!" (Come!) he too sprang up the slope. He too—first of all his race—defied the might of the mysterious Taniwha.

From the time we passed the gate and entered on the sacred enclosure of the mountain a new phenomenon had declared itself. We had felt a frequent succession of the same kind of tremors as we had felt on the plain below at rarer intervals. As we got higher these became more startling. They could not be called earthquakes; they were rather like the tremulous motions of an iron vessel in which water boils fiercely. At first I could see that Patara was affected by this new evidence of supernatural power, but he quickly threw off the impression, and pressed onward up the rugged slope at a rate which neither Hamilton nor I found it easy to keep pace with. We had not supposed it would have taken so long, but the necessity for avoiding the more precipitous rocks greatly lengthened the journey. I could see that we had even made half the circuit of the mountain.

Starting at the southwest corner, we had reached the eastern face, or perhaps a little to the north of east. The change had proved a relief, for now the sun was sinking towards the west, and the long dark shadow of the peak was thrown far below where we stood. I cast my eyes upwards, and could see no change for the better in our apparent route. Rocks piled on rocks, more like the steps of some giant throne than the slope of a hill, towered overhead. We must have stood more than 5000 feet above the plain, which stretched away for mile after mile, one glistening level of white pumice-stone to the eastward and south, while northward lay the blue sparkling waters of Lake Tanpo, stretching far away into the distance, studded with islands. The cry of Patara, "Haere-mai! Haere-mai!" startled me into the recollection that the day was rapidly passing, and if we hoped to examine the volcano we had not a moment to lose. Tired as I was, I obeyed the summons, and once more faced the ascent.

Another hour of toil, and still the black mountain frowned above us. The sun had evidently sunk nearly to the horizon, for all over both lake and plain below his beams appeared to lie almost level, one shining mantle of liquid gold. Hector lay upon a rock beside Hamilton, who was trying to give him a drink by pouring a large part of his own supply into a hollow in the rock, from which the dog lapped it eagerly.

"Shall we have daylight enough to reach it?" I asked.

Patara glanced upwards, but said nothing. Hamilton too looked round. "Hardly," he said. "It's a brute of a hill, and no mistake; but anyhow it will be twice the sight at night!"

The idea was startling. The crater at night would no doubt be grand, but what about the danger? Well, after all, it might not make much difference.

"Come, Hector," said Hamilton, rising impatiently, and leading the way.

Patara and I followed him without a word. It had been growing sensibly colder for the last hour. Here and there in the hollows between the rocks we could see the cold glitter of ice or frozen snow. Now and then we placed our feet on a sloping rock that was slippery with a slight icy covering. None of us made any remark; each of us used all his energies to press on. The sun had gone down. The shadow of the mountain had grown darker. The distance was growing gray and blurred. Overhead a star or two began to glitter in the clear sky.

We were nearing the top. The summit of the mountain seemed now to quiver with the tension of a harp-string, and there were sounds as well — strange, hollow, tremulous sounds, now appearing to be in the air, now in the rocks beneath our feet. There was something weird and startling in the sounds. Something strange and impressive in the quiver of the mountain underfoot. Involuntarily the idea of the demon would return to my mind. In spite of science, in spite of knowledge, in spite of the contempt in which one was bound to hold such superstitions, I was conscious of a certain creeping of the flesh as I felt the vibration of the rocks; of a certain awe that was not scientific as I listened to the strange unearthly voices of the sacred mountain.

It had grown almost dark. The stars were now numerous, but I noticed that they were not bright. Then I remembered the background of vapor, on which the red light had shown, reflected to the plain below. We must have nearly reached the summit! It was time. The rocks, so hard to climb by daylight, were harder still in the dark, and I had made several mistakes and fallen behind. I was the last of the party. I was toiling doggedly on, when suddenly there came a shout from above: "Taniwha! Taniwha!" It was the voice of Patara, and I looked hastily upwards. There, upon what looked like a huge flat rock, stood the Maori, his head thrown back, his long staff extended in his hand, his whole figure standing out like some giant statue in a strange luminous atmosphere of dull crimson. Patara had reached the top! The new excitement seemed to restore my strength, and by a sudden effort I surmounted the last obstacle in the path, and stood by the side of my Maori companion almost as soon as Hamilton and Hector. The rock on which we stood trembled and quaked beneath our feet! A thousand strange voices, each more unearthly than the other, assailed our ears! The dull crimson glow lighted everything with a lurid, ghastly sheen. All lent a force, that was of sensation if not of reason, to Patara's exclamation: "Taniwha! Taniwha!"

I turned to Hamilton. As I did so he started, grasped his long staff by the middle, and exclaimed:

"Come on! I must see the place without the intervention of this infernal mist."

I grasped his arm. "For God's sake, Hamilton," I exclaimed, "don't throw your life away like that!"

As I spoke, the mist that had hid the crater suddenly broke asunder and cleared. As I looked downwards an answer seemed to come, and the answer was an encouragement. The scene was wonderful, but not frightful. Far, far below us, perhaps fifteen hundred feet, lay the floor of the crater, surrounded on every side, except that on which we stood, by masses of black rock, torn and twisted into a thousand wild and monstrous cliffs. On the side which we had reached it seemed to descend in a regular slope between two huge buttresses of rock to the very bottom of the abyss. The crimson mist hung in festoons round the buttresses, and clung to the crags in fleecy folds, imparting a wild, unearthly coloring to everything. Now I could see where it came from. Nearly in the centre of the crater floor there rose a small cone, perhaps sixty or seventy feet in height. It was a wide funnel, and from where we stood we could see a crimson liquid that rose and fell with a strange fluctuating movement inside, giving off at each motion puffs of crimson vapor, accompanied by the unearthly sounds we had heard. I had withdrawn my hand from Hamilton's arm to observe the scene, and it was with a start of astonishment that I saw him already a dozen paces down the slope.

"Stop!" I ejaculated. "Stop, for Heaven's sake!"

With a wild laugh that mingled horribly with the voices of the crater Hamilton waved his arm.

"Come on!" he shouted. "Let's see the Taniwha at home. Haere-mai, Patara!"

I turned and looked at the Maori. The clearing of the mist had dispelled the faith of his ancestors. The sight of the boiling funnel had finally disposed for him of the Taniwha. With a bound he left the summit; with a bound he joined our comrade on the slope. I paused irresolute. Should I obey Hamilton's summons or not? It was madness to do so, yet nothing is more contagious than madness in certain circumstances.

As I gazed after my two companions I felt the contagion. They were going to danger, possibly to death, and for what object? Yet my every limb trembled; my head swam; my reason was almost dormant, my will all but powerless. At that moment my eye rested on Hector. Had madness also seized the dog? He stood gazing down the slope after his master; his limbs were rigid, his eyes wild, his upper lip drawn tightly back, showing his teeth like wolf-fangs. What did he see? As I looked he reared on his hind legs, he pawed the air frantically with his feet, then with a howl, such as surely never dog uttered before, he bounded down the steep descent.

Involuntarily I bounded after him. I seemed possessed by a wild determination to reach the bottom. Suddenly I stopped. Suddenly the impulse had ceased. Once more the crimson mist rolled upwards in dense clouds and shut out the view of what was below. I stopped, but where were the others? Not a glimpse could I catch of the lower slope, strain my eyes as I might. Not a sound suggestive of humanity came up through the shadows of that crimson shroud. I peered into the darkness; I strained my throat by a hundred shouts. The voices of the abyss alone replied; the dull light baffled my every attempt to see. I planted my staff before me and leant upon it. As I did so, I felt the mountain tremble like a shaken leaf under my feet.

Suddenly there came a heave which almost threw me from my balance, and it was instantly followed by a loud explosion. So loud, so near, that it seemed for the moment to benumb my ears. It was followed by a wild roar. A confusion of noises. A pandemonium of sounds, to which all the noises we had yet heard appeared like silence. Yells, screams, howls, whistles, resounded on every side, and echoed and re-echoed around the walls of the crater. Involuntarily I started back, and in a few seconds had regained my place on the edge of the crater. Then I turned and once more looked below.

Again, as I looked, the thick mist parted and broke. Again I could penetrate the wild recesses of the mysterious crater; and this time I looked on a sight such as that which filled the soul of the sombre poet of Italy. It was the place I had viewed only a few minutes before, but the few minutes had wrought a marvellous change. In the centre the funnel cone had boiled up and overflowed. Red waves of lava surged over its lip and flowed in torrents down its sides. And on every side the lava floor of the crater was giving way.

With unearthly screams and yells the floor was splitting, cracking, and crumbling. And from the fissures bubbling streams of crimson fire were oozing and jets of crimson fire were spouting, sparkling with a thousand coruscations of electric light. I looked eagerly for my companions. The light, though fierce and powerful, was painful to the eyes, but at last I saw them. They had perceived their danger. They were making the best of their way back up the slope they had descended, the only one that held out a hope of safety. I watched them in the wildest excitement. Their figures loomed large and frightful through the misty air, and looked terrible and unearthly in the lurid coloring of the scene. I could see them run and leap, their figures looking in that weird atmosphere almost like red-hot metal. Close behind Hamilton, Hector kept his place. Even in that awful place the noble dog seemed to be more concerned for his master than for himself. I watched them with a wildly fascinated gaze, and painful and blinding as was the glare of that infernal atmosphere, I never for a moment lost sight of them. An old mountain traveller, Hamilton, used the long staff he carried with practised ease. Again and again he planted it and sprang across chasms out of which the crimson lava was already bubbling. Patara had fallen some yards behind. Still, in spite of his want of practice with the leaping-pole, his extraordinary activity and strength enabled him to make good progress.

They were nearing the foot of the slope. It was now but a few yards off, and I felt that once reached they would be safe. Already I congratulated myself on their escape from that hellish caldron of seething flame, which was now spreading in crimson waves over the bottom of the crater—hissing, leaping, boiling up with a thousand wild and hungry roarings, as if of famished desire for prey. At that moment Hamilton seemed but a step from the slope. There was a crack before him, out of which the lava had begun to bubble. Hastily he planted his staff. Quickly he swung himself up and across the obstacle.

As he was in the very act, with a crash and a roar like thunder, the crack widened and yawned. The solid crust of rock suddenly gaped asunder like vast jaws, disclosing an abyss of liquid fire within. There was a scream of escaping gas that sounded like a burst of hellish laughter as the fire and smoke spouted upwards in a surging fountain of living fire. With a supreme effort Hamilton sprang madly up the slope, at a pace which only the dread of such a fate as threatened him could inspire. But what of the others? My eyes sought Patara and the faithful dog. For a moment I saw them. Hector stood motionless. His eyes followed the figure of his master on his way to safety. I felt that he was satisfied. Patara had turned, and with a frantic effort sought a way past the raging river of fire that hemmed him in. For one moment I saw him, and no more. With a scream like the battle-yell of a thousand of his savage ancestors, the pent-up gas and steam rushed forth from a thousand crevices. The dense pall of crimson mist rushed forward across the bottom of the crater. Like fiery hands the ragged edges of the cloud stretched eagerly forth. Like fiery tongues the electric flashes glittered and blazed as it came on. It reached the faithful dog as he waited. It reached the man as he struggled wildly to escape. It engulfed them both, and I saw no more. The demon of the mountain was avenged! The Taniwha had claimed his prey!

THE CONSPIRATORS. *By Robert W. Chambers*

AUTHOR OF "LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

This story was begun May 13, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Germany covets the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg, and the massing of German troops on the frontier is followed by the mobilization of two Dutch army corps. By a secret understanding the United States and England have agreed to a joint seizure of Samoa the moment a German soldier enters Luxembourg. An American minister is quietly accredited to the Grand-Duchy, and Gilbert Hardy, a young army officer, is ordered there as military attaché. On the train to Luxembourg he encounters a stranger, and they discover that the personal descriptions in their passports are almost identical. The stranger, who claims to be a Prussian officer named Stanerl von Elbe, thereupon covers Hardy with a revolver, obtains the American's passport, and gives the latter his own. Hardy, mistaken for von Elbe, is arrested and placed in prison. A beautiful woman comes to the barred window of his cell, professes her love for the supposed von Elbe, and implores him to leave Luxembourg for her sake. She gives him a ring as a keepsake. He is visited by two German emissaries, named Wiepert and Vossburg, establishes his identity, and is informed that the mysterious woman was the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg. Going to the American Legation, he finds his chum, Victor Osborne, there as First Secretary. After breakfast he sees von Elbe—whom he now knows to be Prince Edric of Prussia—passing, and follows him. He tells Edric of his adventures in prison, and asks him to return the ring to the Grand-Duchess. Edric becomes much agitated, and informs him that it does not belong to her. He tells Hardy of his passion for a peasant girl of Luxembourg, who resembles the Queen of Holland, and of the Emperor's desire that he should wed the latter. Gendarmes come to arrest Edric, who is wounded, and is taken into the care of the Grand-Duchess. Hardy recognizes in Amyce, Countess of Wilverwiltz, one of the attendants of the Grand-Duchess, his midnight visitor. Osborne informs him that he is to resign for a while from the United States service, and to reorganize the Luxembourg army. He meets the Countess, and promises to use his influence to reconcile the Grand-Duke and Grand-Duchess, who, though loving each other, are drifting apart. The Countess, believing that Edric had come to Luxembourg out of love for the Grand-Duchess, had resolved to visit him in prison, out of friendship for the Grand-Duchess, and, impersonating the latter, force him in honor to leave. Learning that the supposed Edric was Hardy, she becomes furiously angry. Hardy visits the grand-ducal court at Wilverwiltz, and as he picks up a shoe which the Countess's horse had dropped, meets Athel, Grand-Duke of Luxembourg. They join the ladies, and the Countess again expresses her dislike for Hardy. He afterwards sees her keep a rendezvous with Wiepert and Vossburg.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONSPIRACY.

An account of a dramatic entry, a theatrical exit, and the opinion of two fools concerning the folly of a third.

FOR a week I ignored the Countess as successfully as she ignored me; and it gratified me to observe that she resented it. But I had plenty to occupy me: regiments to raise, on paper; fortresses to garrison, in my dreams; castles to build, in the beautiful sunny air of the most beautiful spot in northern Europe—Wilverwiltz. I played golf with the young Duchess; I rowed Bettina on the artificial lake until my head spun; I even made Flic's acquaintance by means of bonbons, and a friend of him forever by cuffing him soundly for chasing a bantam hen.

I shot a few logy pheasants with the Duke, made a spectacle of myself by missing a lot of ratlike partridges one hot day in the stubble, and finally "wiped the eye" of his Highness by killing ten snipe to his two, after an infernal voyage through a peat-bog, in the course of which I am sure my legs were pulled out half an inch, and have remained so ever since.

There was news from his Excellency which troubled us. Luxembourg was swarming with German spies, he said, and he warned us to see that the army was not being tampered with. As far as regarded Germany's protest concerning the augmentation of the army, we had as yet received no final word from the United States government; but the Secretary of State had advised us to do nothing for the present, so that settled it, except for my paper schemes. But, on paper, Luxembourg was already one of the most formidably armed conglomerations of fortresses in Europe.

There had been a few guests at the château, though the Duke courted retirement and the society of his dogs and guns; and the young Duchess had no heart for gayeties, although she pretended she had, and showed such undisguised pleasure in Prince Edric's company when he came to Wilverwiltz that I wondered something unpleasant didn't happen.

One of the excitements of the week was the activity of two or three wolves—not in the free Ardennes, but in the preserve itself. The deer suffered a good deal; and the Duke, after vainly scouring the preserve, directed the digging of wolf-pits and the placing of thirty-pound steel wolf-traps—a work I voluntarily superintended with his Highness and Prince Edric.

A coldness had sprung up between the Prince and his Highness; it was not exactly visible, but there was a certain restraint in their relations which set me thinking that the Duke might some day make the effort to swallow his own abnormal sensitiveness and try to understand his wife.

She also was at fault; she was ice itself to the Duke—ice tempered with the cold sunlight of her mirthless smile. And I could see, even in a week, that they were drifting further from each other, and involving two absolutely innocent people in the meshes of their suspicion and distress—Edric and Bettina.

Yet the Duchess clung the closer to the girl, perhaps because she feared Bettina was the nearest she might ever come to her husband's love, and the Duke avoided Edric, which is a man's instinct under such circumstances.

As for the Countess and myself, we were so oblivious of each other that nobody noticed it except ourselves. Altogether it was a most unhappy little court, except that Bettina had a good time; and Edric, never imagining himself under suspicion, moped at his ease over his beautiful Luxembourgeoise, and collected many rare specimens of uninteresting things. Yes, Bettina and Flic were the only two beings in Wilverwiltz heart-whole and fancy-free. Bettina had mourned the ingratitude of Flic, until I suggested that she cuff him. After that they adored each other by the hour.

If the days succeeded each other without bringing any open unpleasantness to the little court at Wilverwiltz, they also passed without gayety. At dinner we were a subdued company; the Duke, listless, preoccupied, said little to the Duchess, less to me, and scarcely addressed a word to his honest old adjutant, Colonel de Ruyter—a Hollander, just returned from a mission to The Hague. The Duchess, apparently indifferent, chatted with Bettina and the Countess, perfectly aware of the latter's growing dislike for the Duke, yet too proud to acknowledge that her friend, who loved her, resented the neglect of her husband.

The Countess's attitude towards Edric occupied me too. She had never forgotten her suspicions concerning Edric's supposed infatuation for the Duchess, and now that the Duchess found the Prince so frankly companionable, I could see that Amyce believed I had deceived her, and that Edric really had come to Luxembourg for love of the unhappy young Duchess.

The general misapprehensions, the growing misunderstandings, made me uncomfortable. The Duchess, in her desperate desire to find forgetfulness for her own trouble, was innocently involving Edric. The Duke saw everything, and his cold reserve towards Edric increased, until I understood that sooner or later something unfortunate was certain to happen.

That Athel of Luxembourg loved his wife I was convinced; that he felt she had never cared for him was also apparent. Their marriage had been a marriage of expediency for dynastic reasons, a passionless political bargain; and between two sensitive young people, who, after the moral degradation of such a union, shrank from keeping up the farce, there could be nothing intimate, nothing of confidence, nothing except a mutual reserve and distrust, if not resentment. They had carried out their part of the bargain; being young and sensitive, they felt the shame of it. And now, to further distress them, they had, after a year's marriage, fallen so deeply in love with each other that each suspected the other's pity and contempt, and neither dared hope for more than toleration in their unhappy and ignoble partnership.

So the week passed in an atmosphere unpleasantly ominous, until even Bettina felt the oppression, and took long, silent promenades with Flic around the park wall in search of grasshoppers—the only game that Flic was allowed to chase.

On Sunday there was early mass, attended in state by the court; eight-o'clock mass; service with sermon at eleven; and, at four, vespers. It is wonderful how devoutly the devout can dwell together in discord.

On Monday, shortly after morning coffee had been served, a telegram was handed to the Duke from his Excellency, warning us that the garrison at Luxembourg was being tampered with by foreign agents.

About ten o'clock the Duke, in full uniform, followed by his good old adjutant, Colonel de Ruyter, and by me, gathered at the gate, booted and spurred, ready to ride to the railway station.

My tight crimson uniform and steel-bound flat shako made me feel strange and suspicious; I dreaded to encounter the eyes of the Countess, although Bettina, bless her heart! declared it the most beautiful uniform in the world—which, after all, was her world, and included nearly the entire Duchy of Luxembourg.

The Duchess, standing on the terrace, returned her husband's ceremonious salute without a word. Her lovely eyes were hard and bright, but in either cheek the pale color spread to her white neck. What a silly pair they were!

"Bring me back something," cried Bettina, as I rode past the terrace wall, mastering my nervous black horse with difficulty.

"What has he worth your asking?" said the Countess, covering her thrust under a gay laugh; "nothing is worth the price men pay at Vanity Fair!"

So I set my teeth and galloped on after his Highness, who, with Colonel de Ruyter, was already kicking up the dust beyond the third gate.

We found a locomotive, a box-stall car, and an American drawing-room car awaiting us at the little wooden station. It was the Duke's "special train," always sidetracked there, steam up. A dozen grooms, in light green and gold livery, embarked our horses in the box-stall car; we entered the drawing-room car, the engineer blew a gay blast from his whistle, the flunkies stood in line, hats off, and away we went, faster, faster, until the fringing forest was a running streak of green through storms of dust and gravel whirling upward.

"We'll be there in an hour," said the Duke, lighting his cigar; "we are going a mile in two minutes." He made a gesture as though shaking a weight from his broad shoulders.

Black Care rides behind the horseman; the engineer opens the throttle, but Black Care flags the train.

The Duke swung about in his revolving arm-chair and looked mischievously at de Ruyter, who sat twisting his white mustache in moody reverie.

"Come," he said; "don't take things so hard. Suppose the German agents have bribed a dozen stupid soldiers to shout, 'Hoch dem Kaiser!'"

"Dead soldiers are no longer stupid," said de Ruyter, grimly.

"Nonsense!" laughed the Duke; "I'll have no tragedies in my army. I'll have them soundly spanked and sent home to their mothers—those soldiers who prefer his Majesty to me. Voilà tout!"

"I never trusted Toxé," said de Ruyter, dryly, "nor Latrille."

I had heard about Toxé and Latrille, two Alsacian officers in the sole regiment which constituted the Grand-Duke's army. I had not yet met these gentlemen, so when de Ruyter glanced at me for an indorsement I remained silent.

"Colonel Toxé is an able officer," said the Duke, gravely; "Major Latrille has discharged his duties with perfect correctness. I have no cause for the slightest suspicion against those two officers."

De Ruyter, head bent, still worrying his mustache, said nothing in reply, and, after a moment, the Duke turned to me.

"We'll be back by mid-day," he said. "I've told the under forester to have the beaters at the first carrefour by one o'clock. I tell you, I'm going to clean out those wolves before they do any more deer-killing."

That his Highness's mind should be occupied with details for a wolf-drive when affairs in Luxembourg appeared almost sinister disappointed me. I saw old de Ruyter's face grow darker, as the Duke went on, pleasantly:

"I have asked the Countess to drive you down; Bettina will drive me."

"But," I blurted out, "there will be no time for a wolf-drive this afternoon."

"Rubbish! This Luxembourg business will not take us twenty minutes."

There was nothing further for me to say. I lay back, smoking gloomily, scarcely enchanted by the prospect of a tête-à-tête drive with the Countess Amyce. For I was becoming tired of the constant strife, the veiled distrust, the open enmity.

Dissimulation wearied me; the hopeless struggle against her prejudice and scorn began to have an effect that surprised me at times, and that effect was a feeling towards her dangerously akin to indifference. For I had tired of hope as a steady diet. Hope is the bread of the unhappy; but the devil also bakes that sort of dough, and his customers die of hunger.

"I don't see," said the Duke, irritably, "why you and de Ruyter should look like funeral-directors."

"For a mourning ceremony your Highness would make an invaluable centre-piece," I said, frankly.

"Do I look that way too?" he asked, reddening. "Well, it's not the army that worries me, gentlemen."

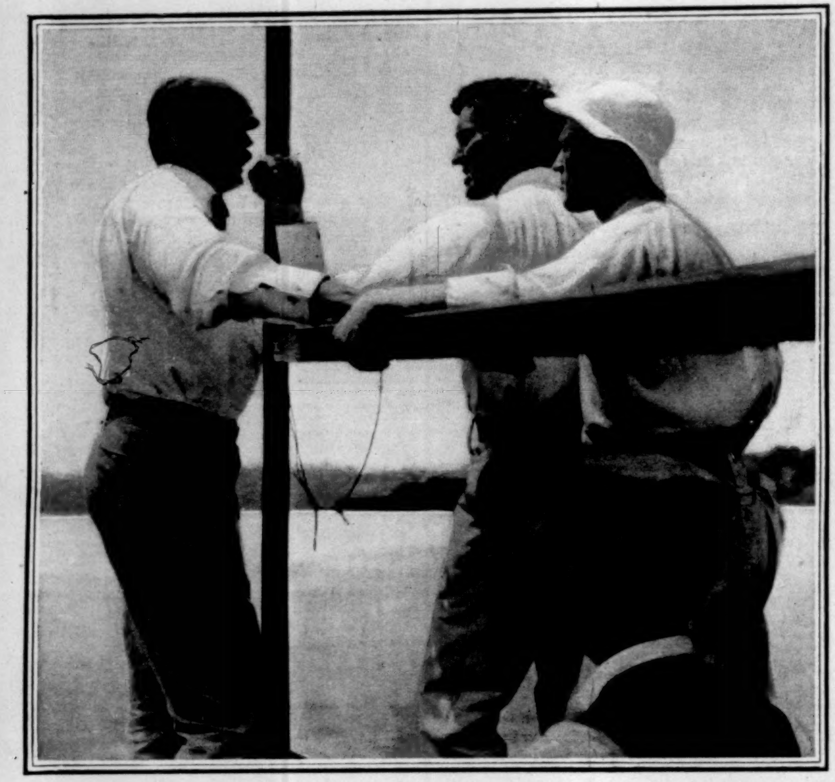
"Nor the wolves either," I said.

We looked straight into each other's eyes. He rose and started towards the platform, and I, suddenly resolved, sprang up and joined him.

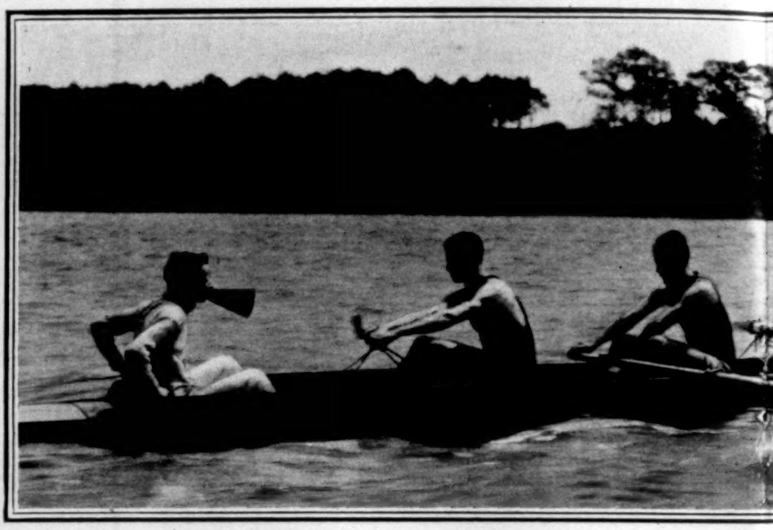
He looked back over his shoulder; it was an evil glance he gave me; but I followed him out on to the vestibule platform, and closed the car door behind us. Then I asked permission to speak on matters concerning the whole nation; and again he looked me straight in the eyes, neither consenting nor refusing permission.

"If your Highness regards me," I said, bitterly, "as a meddler or an impertinent, then there is nothing to be said."

His youthful face changed; he touched his drooping mustache, and said, "I have already come to look upon you as a brother officer."

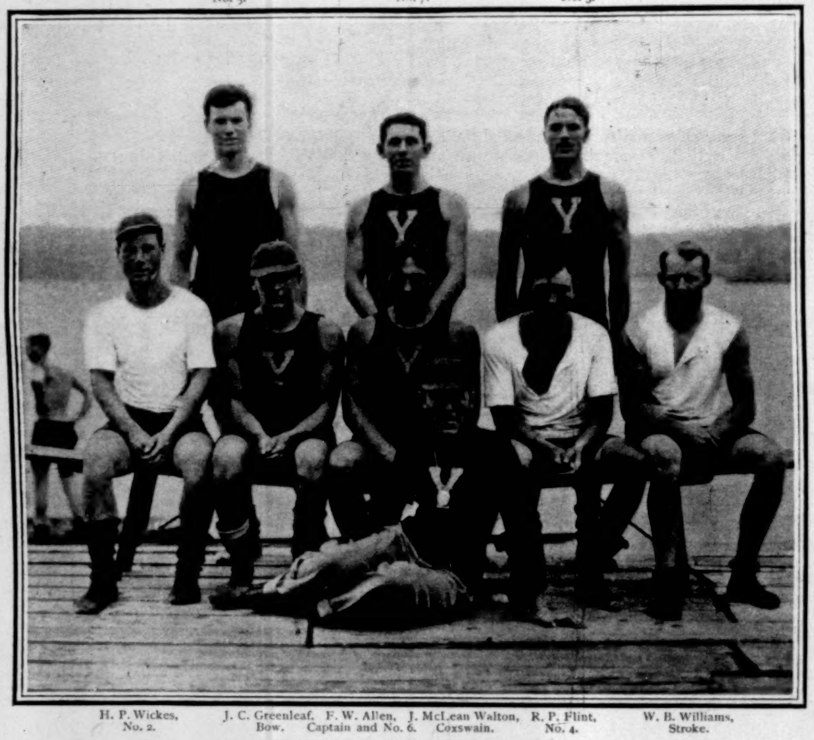


COACHES GALLAUDET, ARMSTRONG, AND COWLES WATCHING YALE'S WORK FROM THE LAUNCH.



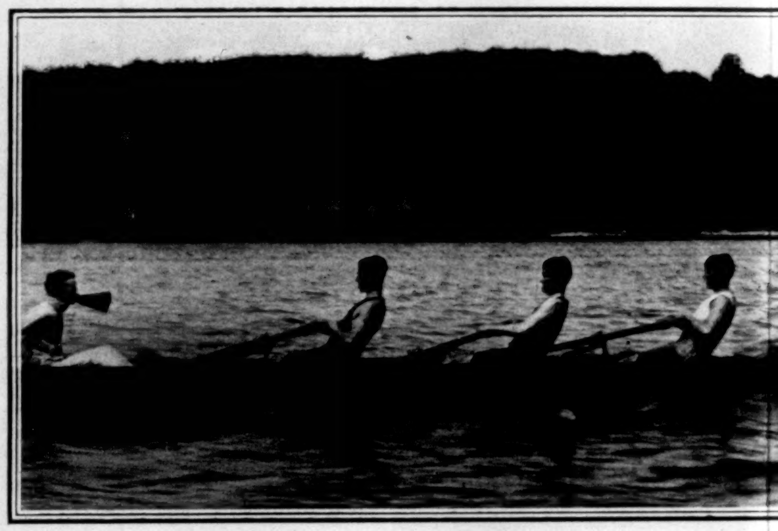
HARVARD AT BEG

F. G. Brown, No. 5. J. H. Niedecken, No. 7. W. E. S. Griswold, No. 3.



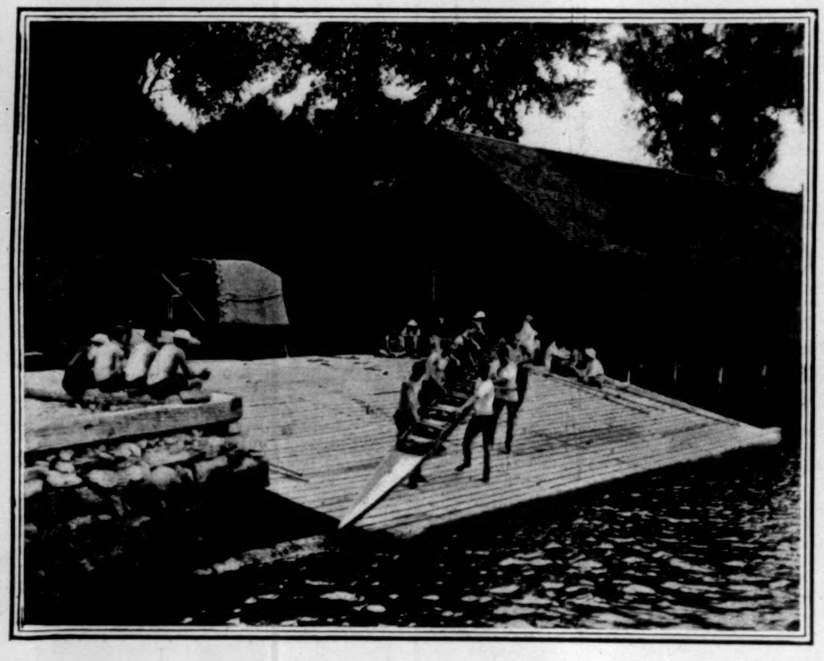
H. P. Wickes, No. 2. J. C. Greenleaf, Bow. F. W. Allen, Captain and No. 6. J. McLean Walton, Coxswain. R. P. Flint, No. 4. W. B. Williams, Stroke.

THE YALE 'VARSITY CREW.



HARVARD AT TH

YALE AT

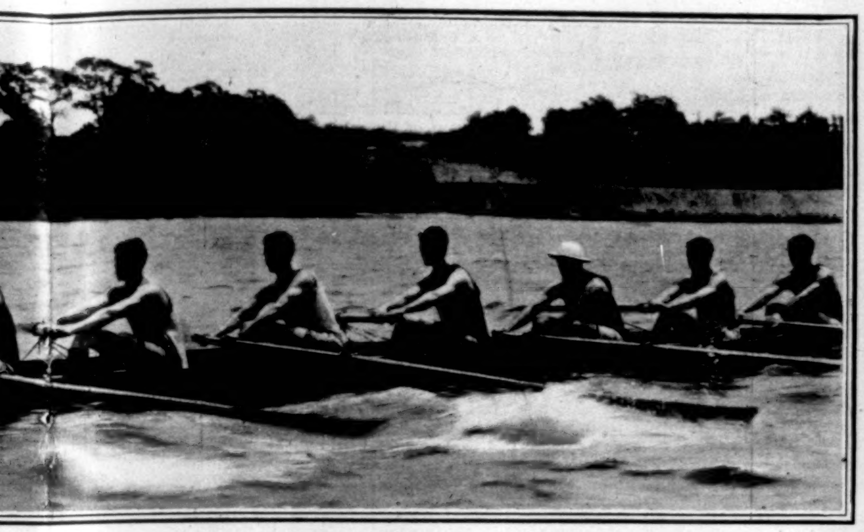


YALE TAKING OUT THEIR SHELL.

YALE AT

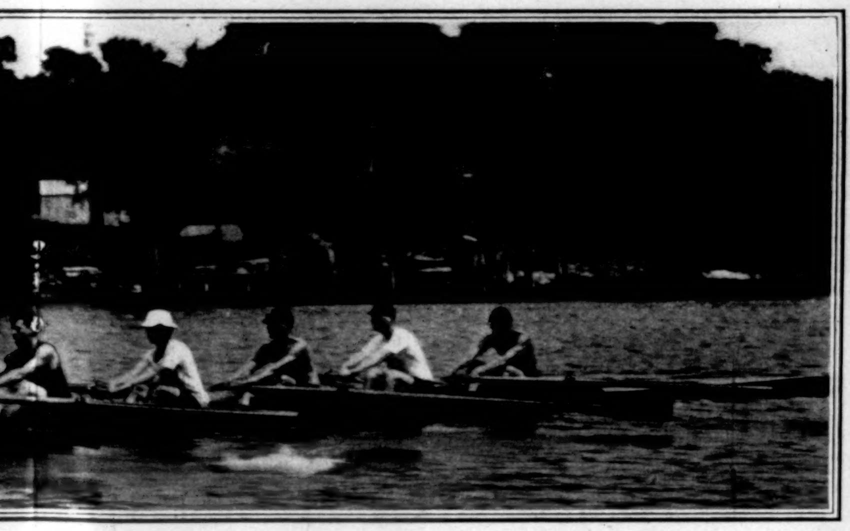
THE HARVARD-YALE EIGHT-OARED FOUR-MILE RACE ON THE THA

Won by Harvard. Time, 20 min. 52 1-2 sec. Yale's time, 21 min. 13 sec.—



T BEGINNING OF STROKE.

T THE END OF STROKE.

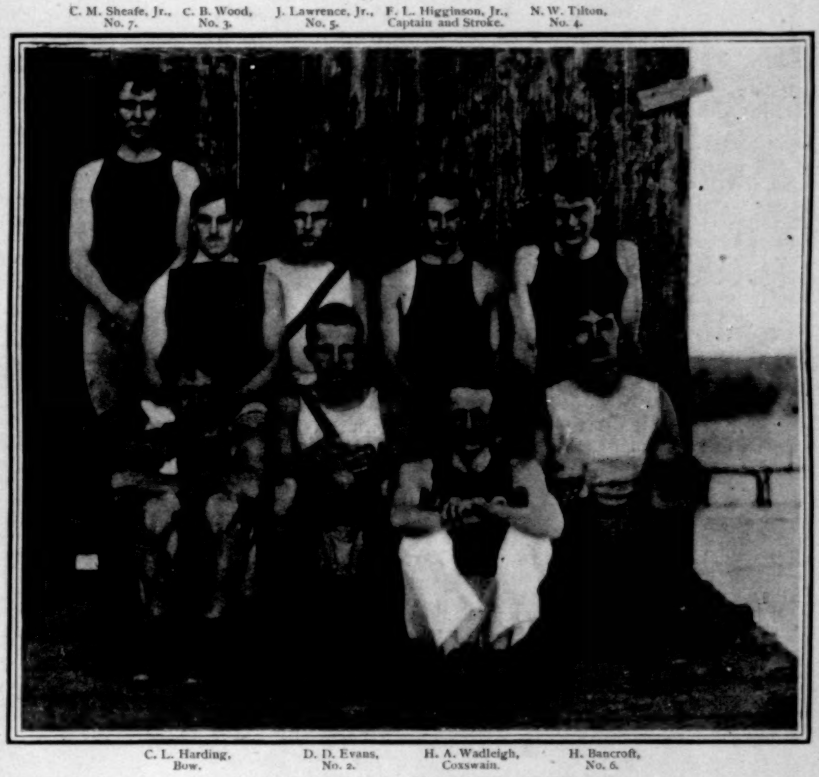


AT FULL REACH.

AT THE CATCH.

E. C. STORROW COACHING HARVARD FROM THE LAUNCH.

C. M. Sheafe, Jr., No. 7. C. B. Wood, No. 3. J. Lawrence, Jr., No. 5. F. L. Higginson, Jr., Captain and Stroke. N. W. Tilton, No. 4.



C. L. Harding, Bow. D. D. Evans, No. 2. H. A. Wadleigh, Coxswain. H. Bancroft, No. 6.

THE HARVARD 'VARSITY CREW.

HARVARD PUTTING SHELL IN WATER.

HAMES, JUNE 29—THE 'VARSITY CREWS PREPARING FOR THE STRUGGLE.

EC.—PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY JAMES BURTON.

The reproof was so gentle, so manly, and yet so unmistakable that I could only bow in silence. Clearly he would brook no interference in his private affairs; and he was perhaps right, although it concerned the whole nation that their Duke and Duchess should at least attempt to understand each other. If somebody could only have taken him by those broad shoulders and shaken him, and said, "You infernal idiot! your wife is in love with you!"

I went back into the car, where old de Ruyter sat hunched up in his chair, nursing his spurred boots and muttering, and there we smoked in silence, until the train slowed up and stopped at the Luxembourg station; and we followed the Duke to the platform, where, in a minute or two, our horses were brought around.

We mounted and rode out across the railway, traversed the viaduct at a full gallop, and made straight for the barracks, followed by an increasing crowd of curious citizens.

The sentinels at the gates hurriedly called out the guard; the gate-house swarmed; the guard-house vibrated with the roll of drums. I, following close behind his Highness, caught a glimpse of flags dipping in salute, of long rows of glittering rifle-barrels, of sabres raised; then we dashed into the vast gravel parade, and drew bridles amid a whirlwind of dust.

The regiment was at drill, field and staff mounted, when we entered the parade, and our somewhat sudden if not dramatic appearance disconcerted the Colonel. The moment I saw him I distrusted him. He came up to pay his respects to the Duke, followed by Major Latrille, both superbly mounted.

Toxé, a square-faced, hard-eyed man, frightfully pitted with small-pox scars, acquitted himself with the precision and brusque, snappy deportment of a Prussian; and although his name was French and his nationality Alsacian, I never saw a more unmistakable Prussian in all my life.

To me he was polite, precise, and alert, yet under it all I felt the sinister sneer of a foreigner who, though his own conscience may be clear, suspects evil in others.

As for his Major, Latrille, I disliked him as spontaneously as I had his superior. He was very young, very soft, and highly colored, with a weak mustache calling attention to a weaker mouth and chin. Besides, he had eyes that in a woman would have been beautiful—great velvety blue eyes, heavily shaded by curling lashes. And never once during our interview did he look anybody but Toxé in the face.

What the Duke said to Toxé I couldn't hear, for they sat on their horses, apart. Presently, however, at a gesture from his Highness, I, followed by Latrille, Toxé, and de Ruyter, fell in behind him, and we rode across the parade, and dismounted at the officers' quarters.

Meanwhile the regiment had been drawn up for inspection, and Giroux also had arrived with a company of gendarmes, which proceeding was viewed with uneasiness by Latrille and Toxé, and probably by more than half of the troops under arms.

At a sharp order from the Duke himself, who advanced on foot, accompanied by Toxé, Giroux, and by me, the troops unslung knapsacks, each soldier depositing his pack, unstrapped and open for inspection, at his feet.

The Duke passed slowly along the rigid lines, not noticing the open knapsacks, but scanning the visage of each soldier with keen, relentless eyes.

Suddenly he stopped short in front of one young sergeant, who promptly turned white as a sheet.

"Search!" said the Duke; and Giroux bent down and rummaged in the knapsack, flinging woollen socks, shirts, and cap-covers about, until he found what he had been looking for—a sheet of paper, printed in Flemish, French, and German. Toxé bit his thick under lip, but stood rigid as a post; Giroux, red and perspiring, handed the circular to me; and as I took it, I saw at a glance what it was—an appeal to the people to rise and overthrow the government and shout for his consecrated Majesty William the Sudden.

"Fall out!" said the Duke, in a passionless voice.

The miserable soldier stepped from the ranks; a movement like a shudder passed through the long lines.

Then his Highness turned and spoke to the regiment, quietly, not raising his voice; but every word was perfectly distinct in the still air, and every soldier there heard:

"Soldiers! If the treason among you were proportionate to your stupidity, the nation might justly be alarmed. But nothing can equal your stupidity; the nation is safe."

He turned to Giroux:

"Send this boy to his mother for corporal punishment."

The silence was deathly.

"Have you a mother, Colonel Toxé?" asked the Duke, in amiable tones.

Toxé's scarred face grew so hideously livid that for a second I gripped my sabre-hilt and ceased breathing.

With a good-humored gesture and a shrug of disdain, the Duke signalled for our horses, and we mounted, our equipments jangling harshly through the stillness. His Highness wheeled his horse, deliberately turning his back on the regiment and its Colonel, and away we galloped, amid a profound silence, broken only by the stroke of steel hoofs on the pebbled parade.

Our entrance had been dramatic, our exit theatrical. De Ruyter drove his gray charger up beside me and muttered:

"It was done like a king, or a fool—nobly. And God knows there is no nobility like a fool's."

"His contempt is royal," I answered, "his imprudence unsoldierly. If I wasn't a fool myself, I'd resign."

"We're both fools," said old de Ruyter, with a sad smile, "so we'll hang on to the end." Then his face turned grayer and fiercer, and he struck the pommel of his saddle with open fist.

"I'd shoot every traitor, if it meant annihilation to the whole army!" he muttered through his set teeth.

His Highness, galloping ahead, looked back, laughing.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WOLF-DRIVE.

Describing an unwilling journey and an empty pageant, wherein the Countess loses a cup and a ring, and I defend a friend.

As his Highness predicted, we had plenty of time for our wolf-drive, which, after all, did not amount to much, as it was to be confined to the extermination of the few marauding wolves which had penetrated the preserve.

Osborne, who joined us at the Luxembourg railway station, brought to our little party the only flicker of gayety that had illumined the château for days. His cordial welcome by the Duchess and the Countess of Wilverwiltz revealed to me his popularity in Luxembourg, a fact I had not previously been aware of, and I told him so.

"Why," he said, "popularity is part of my profession!"

"Ugh!—a politician!" I answered. "You're welcome to your popularity, Victor. It's no miracle you're loved."

"My son," he replied, cynically, "there are no miracles in politics; and politicians never love nor hate."

"Which appears to me contemptible," I said.

"Wrong, Gilbert; in politics and diplomacy nothing is contemptible. It's a dirty profession, created to lawfully satisfy the natural vices of honorable men."

He was half in jest, half in earnest, but his banter annoyed me, especially as I noticed Bettina's undisguised preference for his society.

"Come with us, Mr. Osborne," said she, driving her dog-cart across the lawn to the bench where we sat; so Osborne picked up his gun-case and climbed to the back seat, laughing, and the Duke pretended to be very jealous of his intrusion, which made Bettina turn her head so far around that I could only see the tip of one reddening little ear.

"Rendezvous at the first carrefour!" called out the Duke, and away they went, followed by the Duchess, driving Prince Edric in a tilbury, escorted by two mounted piqueurs blazing with gold and green.

His Highness had understood that his young wife did not desire to go, and he was somewhat taken by surprise when, on our return from Luxembourg, he found that she had invited Edric to drive to the hunt with her. The Duchess, too, was surprised and annoyed when the two piqueurs galloped up as her escort, unsolicited; for this was an informal wolf-drive, and the piqueurs were not necessary. But she only smiled her thanks to his Highness and nodded brightly to the Grand Veneur, Raoul Lartigues, who swept the scalloped saddle-cloth with his gold cap, and bent his white head to his horse's mane.

"Are you not coming?" asked the Duchess, leaning from her seat and questioning me with clear sweet eyes.

"Mon Dieu! madame," I replied, embarrassed, "the Countess of Wilverwiltz does not care to attend the drive."

"But I wish it!" said the Duchess, surprised and hurt. "Surely the Countess of Wilverwiltz can do this for me."

The Countess, who was standing on the other side of the tandem, opened her flame-colored sunshade with a little snap that made the wheeler dance until the groom pulled him down.

"If you wish me to go," she said, "I should be very glad to; I merely thought the party was complete."

"Without Lieutenant Hardy!" exclaimed the Duchess.

"Oh," said the Countess, "I am so shockingly absent-minded to forget Monsieur Hardy!"

It was not very cleverly turned; it was unworthy of a clever woman. She knew it, and hated me for it.

But I was tired of innuendoes and hidden conflicts, which not only wearied me, but brought also a feeling of incipient contempt for us both; so I said,

"I do not think the Countess of Wilverwiltz forgot me; I think she does not care to drive with me."

The sincerity of my voice was unmistakable. The Duchess looked gravely at me; the Countess, taken by surprise, turned rosy from neck to forehead—unless it was the crimson light from her sunshade.

"That is absurd!" she murmured. "I will drive Monsieur Hardy very willingly to the hunt."

The Duchess brightened at once and flung her whip-lash out towards the leader; Edric waved his hand to me with an amused twinkle in his eyes; the grooms let go the horses' heads, and the tandem swung out into the Wiltz road, leaving the Countess standing on the grass, facing me.

"If you do not care to go," I said, "it will not disappoint me in the least."

"Do you suppose I go to avoid disappointing you?" she asked.

"I know nothing about your reasons or your caprices," I answered. "I only know that I am not going to the wolf-drive—and I beg permission to take leave of the Countess of Wilverwiltz."

"Pardon," she interposed, icily; "it will be a subject of unpleasant comment if I do not drive you to the hunt."

"Unpleasant for you?"

"Yes."

"Then," I replied, smiling, "I accept your invitation to drive—without the slightest pleasure, I assure you."

The situation began to have its charms for me; I felt that I was fast losing any tenderness I might have had for the capricious young lady who stood there twirling her fire-tinted open sunshade and patting the turf impatiently with her pointed polished shoe-tips. What did I care if only I might be free from the slavery of a love that, after all, had never been anything to me but misery, mortification, and chagrin? Once able to contemplate that rounded yet slender figure in white muslin, once prepared to meet those dark-lashed eyes without emotion, what would I care for her hate?

I knew, moreover, that now there was a new ring of confidence in my voice—a ring long absent. I felt self-respect reviving, too, and with self-respect came courage and the first faint emotion of independence.

"We'll make the drive as agreeable as possible," I said. "I shall not attempt conversation."

"I shall—if it should please me," she observed, stepping forward as the dog-cart was brought up under the trees.

A moment later, side by side, we were driving through the forest, a groom galloping discreetly in the rear.

"Oh," she said, with a soft little sigh, as we entered the Saint-Yssel road, "if you could only understand how I hate you!"

"I do," I said, earnestly; "but I am beginning not to care."

"Not to care?" she repeated, looking around at me. "Oh, but you do care! And it's such a comfort to hate so deeply, so passionately, so constantly. I never before hated anybody; it is a new sensation—and so sweet, so delicious!"

"I know," I said, sympathetically. "I loved you, too, that way."

Her pretty under lip whitened between her white teeth; she launched a nervous cut of the whip at an overhanging bough; a shower of yellow leaves covered our shoulders and knees.

"Let us talk about hate," she said; "tell me about it. I never knew the pleasures of hatred before I met you!"

"It is something like love," I said, maliciously. "Hate, like love, is blind; the course of true hate never did run smooth.

"Sweet is true hate, tho' given in vain—"

"Pray proceed, monsieur," she said, looking very hard at the horse's ears, and I recited, solemnly,

"But hate is blind, and haters cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit."

"I think I must call you the proverbial pilgrim," she said, with heightened color; "you are more tiresomely omniscient than your worst enemy could wish."

I was silent so long that she looked around again.

"Of what are you thinking?" she asked, disdainfully.

"Of eyes," I replied.

"You are strangely stupid," she observed; yet I saw she was curious, so I said nothing.

"Eyes?" she asked again, after the silence had displeased her long enough. I did not answer.

"What were you thinking about eyes?" she persisted, impatiently.

"About their language," I replied; "it could not interest you."

"It might," she said. "Please continue when I ask you."

So I said, "Blue eyes say, 'Love me or I die'; black eyes say, 'Love me or *you* die.'"

The next moment she cut the horse across his flanks, not very hard, and we flew forward into the carrefour, where already the others were assembled, and the under forester stood giving his last directions to the gun-bearers.

I aided the Countess Amyce to the square strip of turf; she thanked me and started to join the Duchess, but the Duke cried: "No! no! It's to be a ladies' drive for the cup. Choose your forester, Lieutenant Hardy. Lartigues's horns will soon sound the death from the carrefour."

"Another hour together!" I said, looking mischievously at the Countess. "Can you stand it?"

"For the cup, yes. I am fond of winning prizes," she said, serenely.

I chose the forester Villon, and he promptly saluted the Countess and brought her a dainty little rifle, which looked like a toy beside my Winchester.

Then, bearing her rifle and his own—for I preferred always to carry my own guns—the big bushy-bearded forester set off, followed by the Countess and by me in single file.

"Health to the hunters!" cried the Duchess, passing with Edric and another forester, and the chasse-salut rang out merrily as each cavalier escorted his fair huntress to the particular runway assigned.

I saw the Duke turn and look after the Duchess, and there was something in that look that gave me hope for the future—if only the Duchess could have turned and seen it. But she did not; Edric was bending close to her shoulder. I heard her pretty, tired little laugh, mirthless and sad, and the Duke heard it too, and stood still, his serious young head lowered, hands clasped behind his back.

"Good-by!" called Bettina to him, walking ahead with Osborne. His Highness raised his eyes, and motioned them to wait for him. So he lost his chance to go with his wife.

"What a fool is a man in love!" I thought, never applying the axiom to myself.

"If you are ready, monsieur the proverbial pilgrim?" suggested the Countess Amyce, carelessly.

Our runway was not far from the carrefour—perhaps ten minutes' easy walk over the leaf-strewn springy path, then up a rocky gorge. The forester Villon walked ahead; there was just room for two abreast on the woodland path, so I stepped to the side of the Countess.

"Shall we speak of hate?" I asked—"the hate that makes the world go round?"

She laughed, and made a gesture towards the forester:

"Chasseur, je connais cette histoire;
Je ne veux pas perdre mon temps—"

she sang, in a deliciously sweet and childlike voice—a voice that had in it that golden, melodious grace-note peculiar to thrushes and children.

"Sing, then," I said, as she turned laughingly towards me.

"With pleasure—for my own pleasure," she said, "not for yours:

"Tant qu'on le pourra,
L'on trinquera,
Chantera,
Aimera,
La fillette!
Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,
On se damnera, larira!"

And she sang that reckless, questionable chorus in the voice of an angel, and with an innocent simplicity that made an impossible verse exquisite and charming.

"Now you are shocked," she said, "and I don't care."

"You would if I were," I replied.

"No, I wouldn't!" she cried. "You may have what opinion you choose of me."

"Like the episode of the cat and the king," I suggested.

"Exactly. What does the king care how long the cat may stare?" And with a reckless little toss of her head she carolled on, careless, disdainful,

"Dieu lui-même
Ordonne qu'on aime;
Je vous le dis en vérité;
Sauvez-vous par la charité."

Ahead of us Villon the forester was standing still, unslinging the guns. The young Countess sprang to the mossy hillock beside him and knelt down, watching the slim cartridges follow each other into the magazine.

After that it was a long, silent wait, sitting there, rifles on our knees, listening for the first crackle in the underbrush or the first faint halloo from the beaters. The Countess and I sat close together, our backs resting against the broad trunk of a dappled beech, our feet pointed towards the path below. Villon squatted on his haunches a dozen yards behind us.

"Je m'ennuie," she said, frankly, after half an hour had passed in absolute silence.

"I also," I responded.

"You are not gallant to say so," she said, quickly.

"Have your enemies any virtues at all?" I asked.

"Some have intelligence; some are gay," she replied, smiling adorably.

"Well," said I, "one should beware of a laughing enemy. Are you on guard?"

"Garde à vous!" she replied, "et allez, monsieur!"

"No," I insisted; "you begin."

"Very well," she said, suddenly, and looking me unblushingly in the face, she asked me where the ring was.

"What ring?" I asked, giving ground.

"That is cowardly," she retorted. "I ask you for the ring I gave you in prison."

"Then first tell me where you found that ring," said I. "It was not yours to give, either."

"I know it," she said, surprised; "it was not my ring. I made a mistake in the dark there; I meant to give you this." And she held one hand up and lifted the delicate middle finger. On it was a turquoise and diamond ring.

"May I have it now?" I asked, with a sublime impudence that disarmed her quick anger.

"You almost deserve it—for teaching me the pleasures of hatred," she said. After a moment, half thoughtlessly, she began to turn it round and round on her white finger.

"I think I have earned it," I said, bending nearer.

There was a faint smile in the corners of her mouth; impulsively she drew the ring to the rosy tip of her finger, then looked at me.

"Do you want it?"

"Yes," said I, and quietly took it, before she could resist.

Her first sentiment was anger—I saw it in her eyes. Surprise, renewed anger, and then amusement followed. I noted them all.

"When you have satisfied your curiosity—" she said, indifferently.

"When I have," said I, "the ring shall be returned to you."

"And, in the mean while, will you tell me what you have done with the other ring?"

"When you tell me where you found it," I replied.

"I don't know how you know the ring did not belong to me," she said, "but it did not; it was found by the Duke in the road near van Tassel's lodge, nearly a year ago. The Duchess kept it in one of her jewel-boxes, and one day I put it on—the very day that I heard from Giroux that you—or, as I supposed, Prince Edric—had been held in prison for the Emperor's agents. I forgot I had it on—that is how you came to receive it."

"But," said I, "that ring does not belong to the Duchess either."

The Countess looked up at me in amazement.

"How do you know?" she said.

"Is it not true?" I persisted.

"Yes," she admitted; "the real owner of the ring has been discovered. Perhaps," she added, maliciously, "you know who it is?"

"Perhaps I do," I replied, cautiously.

"Well, then, it belongs to the little Queen of Holland," she said; "and did you know that, most wise one?"

"Oh no, it doesn't," said I, laughing.

"But it does," she persisted, opening her eyes wider. "Her Majesty sent out notices of the loss of the ring, and offered all kinds of rewards. A description of the ring caught the Duke's eye while he was reading an old copy of *L'Indépendance Luxembourgeoise*. That is the reason I took the ring. I had expected to go to The Hague that same day, and I was very glad to think I could bring her Majesty the ring. When I left the prison I was—a—a little disturbed—and I forgot everything. Then came the diplomatic troubles anew, and his Excellency returned, and the Duke decided we must all stay at Wilverwiltz. It was a long while before I could remember what I had done with the ring; I felt sure that I had not lost it. To-day it occurred to me that—that perhaps I had given it to you."

"You did," I said, quietly, "but I did not keep it."

"You did not keep it!" she repeated, in a voice that betrayed anxiety—and something else: a woman's hurt pride, a womanly resentment that was deliciously natural.

"If," said I, "that ring had been yours, I should have kept it—until you asked it again."

"How did you know it was not mine?"

"Because the rightful owner claimed it."

"Who?"

"Prince Edric."

"But, then, he must have given it to the Queen of Holland?"

"He never saw the Queen of Holland," I replied, laughing. "Her charming little Majesty is mistaken—or rather you mistake the ring."

"The description in the newspaper was exactly that of the ring I gave to you."

"Nevertheless," said I, "the Prince is not mistaken—for he lost it exactly where it was found."

That seemed to settle it; even the Countess laughingly admitted as much, wondering at the coincidence.

"And suppose it had been Prince Edric in prison," she said—"and suppose I had given him his own ring?"

We both laughed quietly, looking at each other without distrust—a new sensation for me, and one that I found very pleasant.

"Admit," I said, "that you found a great deal of amusement in the thought of impersonating the Duchess—"

"I didn't!" she cried, her cheeks hot and eyes bright.

"But everybody tells me you are exquisite in private theatricals," I continued, cruelly.

"If I acted a part—then—it was because I loved the Duchess well enough to risk it," she said.

"And the mischief of the thing didn't appeal to you?" I suggested.

She tried to look serious; she succeeded, after a fashion.

"Anyway," she said, "I distrusted Prince Edric—and I was right. He *did* come here for the Duchess's sake, and he *does* make love to her."

"Nonsense!" I said, sharply.

"He does—he is with her continually! And more, too—I don't trust him politically, and I have told the Duke."

"That," said I, "is the cruelest insult you could offer him. Do you imagine that he has any sympathy with the Emperor's aims—the Emperor, who has sent agents to watch him—the Emperor, who has refused his sanction to a marriage—"

"Dear me!" she observed, with pity, "you are really stupid enough to credit that story of the beautiful peasant girl?"

"I not only credit it," I said, hotly, "but I affirm, on my honor, that it is true."

"And who told you?"

"The Prince himself."

She laughed, mockingly. "If you trust him you will be as foolish as I once thought you. You are no diplomat; you are only a soldier, and a very innocent one at that. Suppose I should tell you that I have proof that Edric is here for political reasons. Suppose I should say that in a week I shall have absolute proof that his presence is a danger to the Duke, the dynasty, and the independence of Luxembourg?"

"I should not believe it," I replied, simply.

"Very well," she retorted, "I shall have the proof; and when I do, that man must leave."

"You seem to be very fond of exiling people," I observed. The next moment I was sorry. She flushed painfully; her hurt face was raised to mine with a look of reproach that I shall not forget.

"I love the Duchess and I love my country," she said. "A man who threatens the future of both I shall not spare."

"You will find out your mistake," I replied, gently; "you will also learn to discredit the lies of German spies. Don't look startled. I saw you talking to that villanous old creature Vossburg and to Wiepert the other day. Don't you know they are spies, sent here to create a German sentiment—perhaps a revolution in favor of German intervention?"

"Do you believe that?" she asked, smiling calmly.

"I know it," I replied.

"Then you are once more in error," she said, scornfully. "Pray permit me the liberty of deciding some things for myself, monsieur. And, by-the-way, my ring."

I put it on my watch-chain, fastening the clasp firmly, tested it, and looked at her. Her head was turned the other way. We said nothing for a full minute.

It was growing dimmer in the forest, when at last we heard the distant hallooing of the beaters and the more distant rifle-shots, one, two, perhaps a dozen. But no wolf came our way, although the Countess raised her gun and eyed the *sentier* with determination written on every feature.

Then the soft chorus of hunting-horns broke out through the woods; the drive had ended.

"Oh dear!" said the Countess, looking around at me, "we have lost the cup!"

"We have gained more than that," I said, moving lightly to her side as we entered the homeward trail.

We were very silent on our way.

"I think I am tired," said the Countess, resting her arm a brief second against my arm as I aided her down the rocks.

So we began the descent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LONDON

June 17, 1899.

ANY one who will take the trouble to consider the significance of the facts and dates in the following table of fluctuating British policy in South Africa during the past hundred years will be in a position to understand one root cause of the trouble with the South African republic which for the moment absorbs public attention.

1795. England annexed Cape Colony after conquest.
1802. Restored Cape Colony to the Dutch.
1806. England annexed Cape Colony after reconquest.
1835. England occupied Natal by treaty with Zulus through Captain Allen Gardiner.
1838. Dutch Republic Natalia set up.
1842. Dutch Republic Natalia put down.
1843. England annexed Natal.
1848. England conquered and annexed Orange Free State.
1854 England evacuated Orange Free State.
1877. England annexed the Transvaal.
1881. England evacuated the Transvaal.

Within the last decade Lord Salisbury used the following language in a letter to myself: "In their heart of hearts I fear many members of Parliament have made up their minds to abandon South Africa if ever it threatens to cost them any considerable expense again." The M. P.'s to whom Lord Salisbury refers are not in a majority in the present House of Commons, but the language of the Prime Minister, in the letter referred to, forms a telling comment upon the unstable character of popular views of empire.

TWO years ago Sir Alfred Milner went to South Africa as High Commissioner, amid the most remarkable chorus of approval from every side in politics and the press that ever attended a public man's appointment. Radicals and Unionists alike agreed that Sir Alfred Milner would see South Africa steadily and with a wholesome eye; that after patient study of the facts on the spot, he would advise his country as to her duty towards South Africa. The man on the spot has now made his report. The cabinet, which met on Tuesday, decided to give it to the world. The decision was a grave one. Sir Alfred Milner calls for intervention. He declares that the political turmoil in the Transvaal Republic will never end until the permanent Uitlander population is admitted to a share in the government; that the admission of Uitlanders to power is the only true remedy for the unrest which poisons the political and social life of the two white races south of the Zambesi. Intoxicated with the memory of two military successes, encouraged by the secular instability of British policy, and partly justified in their obstinacy by the Jameson Raid, the Boers exhibit the airs of an indomitable military nation. England drifted into war in Egypt from not listening to the man on the spot. In South Africa, the man on the spot declares that intervention is essential unless British predominance is to be abandoned.

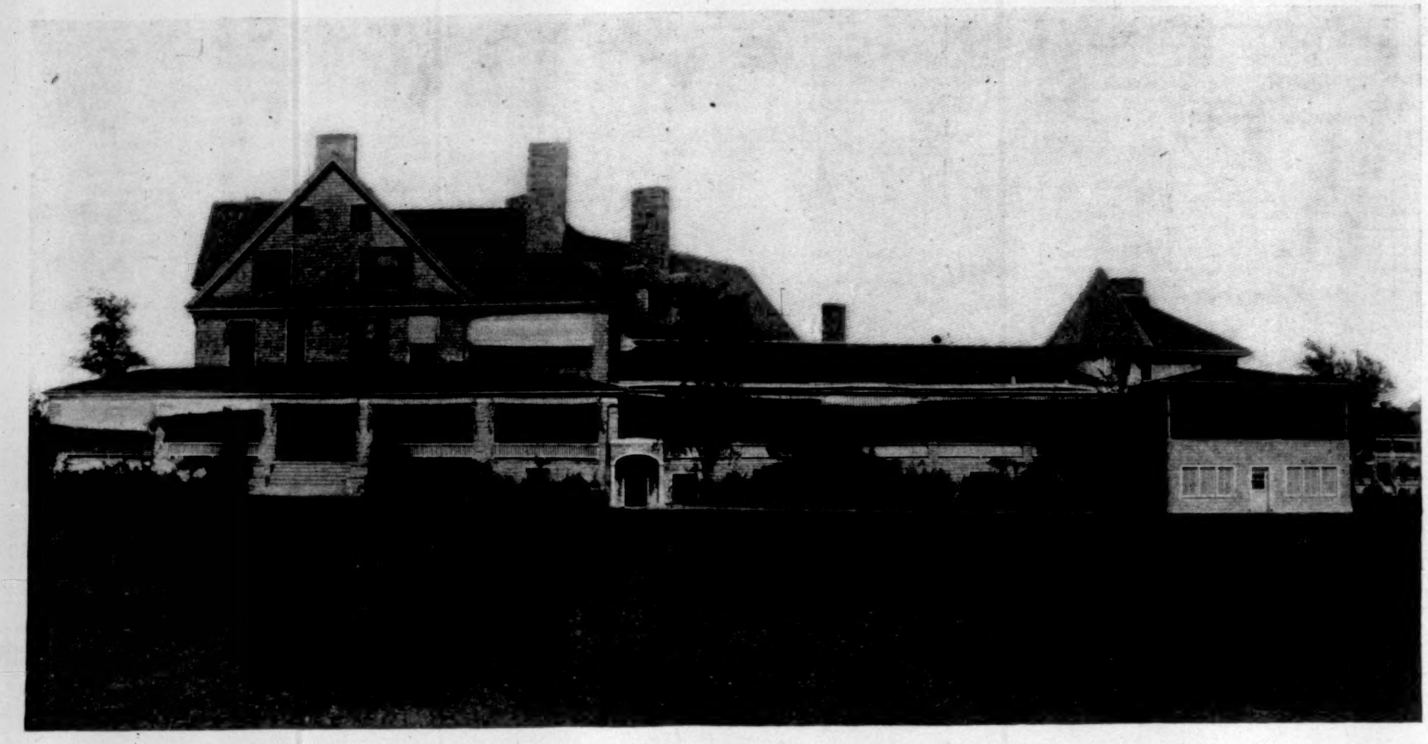
STATESMEN like Mr. John Morley and Mr. Bryce, the latter of whom knows South Africa well, represent a larger body of opinion in the country than might be supposed from their following in the House of Commons or the press. There is a strong and, I believe, a mistaken feeling largely prevalent throughout the country that, however the motive be disguised, a war with the Transvaal will be waged for the benefit of millionaires who wish to grab the gold-fields, and only arises from the desire of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Rhodes to revenge diplomatic defeats they are supposed to have received at the hands of Mr. Kruger. This is the view held by the Boer advocates, and promulgated widely throughout the Continent and Great Britain by means of Boer secret-service money.

FOR more than three years the constitutional agitation for the remedy of grievances, which still await redress, has been silenced because all agitators alike were held to be tarred with the Rhodesian brush of the Raid. Any inconvenience or suffering to which they are exposed is attributed to the consequences of unsuccessful rebellion. This view of the case is not founded on facts. Only sixty-two of the reformers of 1895 were punished for participation in the rising. None of these sixty-two reformers originated or shares in the present movement. Thrust into a position of political serfdom, the Uitlanders live under a stinging sense of intolerable humiliation. The bitter sense of wrong felt, not only by the Anglo-Saxons in Johannesburg, but by the people of our race throughout the Cape Colony, can scarcely be exaggerated. They ask that Great Britain shall protect her subjects in the Transvaal from a system of high-handed oppression which has become insupportable quite irrespective of Mr. Rhodes's misdeeds, the Raid, or the millionaires. Liberal journals which hailed Sir Alfred Milner's appointment with effusiveness, expressing their conviction that he could be trusted to do justice with firmness, tact, and good sense, have now turned round for no better reason than that Sir Alfred Milner indicts the Kruger system in plain language which leaves nothing to the imagination. Sir Alfred Milner is a master of English. If he uses strong language, the facts require it.

THERE is, however, no question but that public opinion is divided, and does not understand that Krugerism will yield to no influence of soft words. On the other hand, the country believes in the wise and pacific policy of Lord Salisbury, and it is inconceivable that Sir Alfred Milner's despatches, which would be devilish and incendiary if they were not true, would ever have been published unless the cabinet believe that the time has come to bring Mr. Kruger to book, and that the Jameson Raid and the interests of the Jewish millionaires of Johannesburg can no longer be justly urged as reasons for a policy of wobble and drift. The danger of the situation lies in the fact that Mr. Kruger believes that under no circumstances will England fight, while public opinion both here and on the Continent is being manipulated by the astute employment of a Boer secret-service fund admittedly greater than that of any of the great powers. I understand that the cabinet have decided to await Sir Alfred Milner's full report before sending further instructions to the High Commissioner. The gravity of the situation is thus accentuated. Public opinion in England will ripen, and it is easy to foresee that the chasm between the advocates of a resolute policy and the supporters of a policy of drift will widen as time goes on. England has spoken. It now remains to be seen if she will act. Unless strong re-enforcements are despatched to the Cape, with the clear intention of using them if necessary, Mr. Kruger may be regarded as having successfully bluffed the British public. Up to the hour of writing, only three batteries of artillery have been ordered to Natal. Meantime Sir Alfred Milner is left to face the storm.

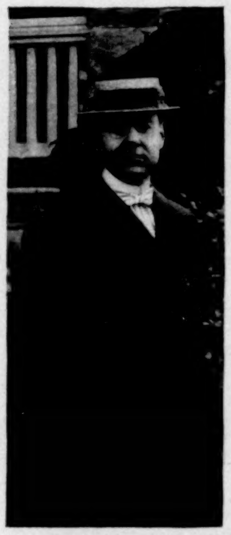
I UNDERSTAND, on authority, that a settlement has been arrived at with reference to the Alaskan boundary question, that the American contention has been substantially admitted, and that the preposterous Canadian claim to sovereignty over American towns has been abated. The prospect of this settlement draws attention once more to the anomalous position of the English tax-payer towards Canada. By the mouth of Sir Wilfrid Laurier she repudiates a colonial status and claims full nationhood. Meantime her only contribution to imperial defence is a frequent use of the national anthem. In her differences with the United States she appears as a dependency of England. In her differences with England she adopts the language of an independent nation. The anomaly of this contradictory position is not materially affected by a slight alteration in favor of the empire in the Canadian tariff—at all events, so far as it touches the pocket of British tax-payers. Had Canada chosen to assume the burdens and responsibilities of nationality, instead of claiming her privilege as a colony of hiding behind Britannia's skirts when there is a lion in the way, it might be surmised that her differences with the United States would neither be so frequent nor so acute as when she can have gratuitous recourse to Downing Street for the advancement of her local interests or the enforcement of her titular rights. One of two things will happen in the near future. Either Canada must bear her fair share of the cost of empire, which she alone of the great self-governing colonies ignores, or she will be left to make her own arrangements with her great neighbor. She cannot expect to enjoy the privileges of an independent nation at the sole cost of the British tax-payer. Nor, if Canada is unreasonable, will England in the long-run consent to quarrel with the United States for her sake. It is no longer to the interest of Canada to ignore her imperial duties, so far as naval defence is concerned, while exacting the last tittle of her imperial rights, but if she elects to do so I shall not be surprised to hear of some plain-speaking on the subject before very long. The interrupted negotiations on the Nicaragua Canal are now expected to be resumed.

ARNOLD WHITE.

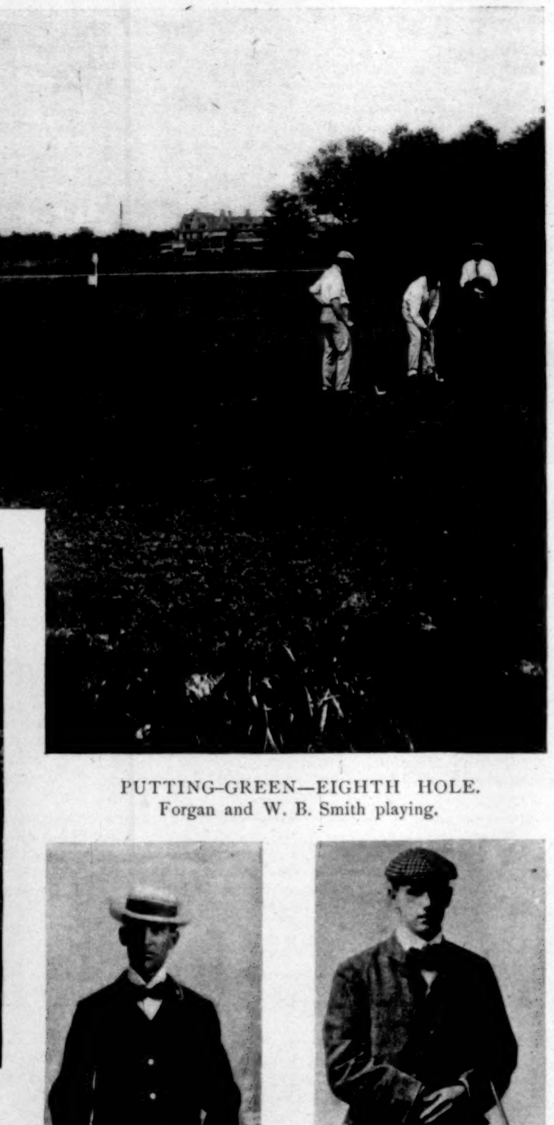


THE CLUB-HOUSE.

VIEW SHOWING BOOMERANG—PUTTING-GREEN, SKOKIE MEADOW, SEVENTH HOLE.



H. C. C. TAYLOR,
President of the Club.



PUTTING-GREEN—EIGHTH HOLE.
Forgan and W. B. Smith playing.

HAROLD C. SMITH.

WALTER B. SMITH.

JOHN REID, JR.

W. J. TRAVIS.

FINDLAY DOUGLAS.

LEADING ASPIRANTS FOR CHAMPIONSHIP HONORS.

THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP ON THE LINKS OF THE ONWENTSIA CLUB, CHICAGO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. W. TAYLOR AND HARGRAVE.

AMATEUR SPORT

FOR the second time within three years has the amateur golf championship meeting been assigned a Chicago club. It will be remembered that the delegates to the annual meeting of the National Association in February referred the matter of the championship meeting to the Executive Committee with power. Having thus shirked their responsibility, these same gentlemen have since been busily grumbling at their committee's decision to hold the meeting at Onwentsia.

Now there are not more than six or eight clubs among the associate members of the U. S. G. A. that possess courses fairly approximating first-class standards. And two of these courses are at Chicago. The eligible Eastern clubs did not want the meeting, and Onwentsia was at least willing to oblige. The committee could either accept or be reduced to the humiliating necessity of begging an Eastern club to take up the "golfer's burden."

Naturally St. Andrews should have had the honor this year, but after being turned down so cavalierly in 1898 the Yonkers club-men can hardly be censured for electing this year to stand aloof. The Philadelphia Country Club did not feel prepared to take on the meeting, and so the matter rested. The committee made the best arrangement possible under all the circumstances.

ONWENTSIA is certainly up to requirements, and the disgruntled ones therefore make the long journey their principal ground of complaint. They insist that 80 per cent. of the scratch men are Eastern golfers, and the meeting should have been arranged to suit their convenience. Out of the sixteen who qualified at Shinnecock in 1896 but two—Whigham and Macdonald—represented clubs west of the Alleghanies. At Chicago, in 1897, four of the local players (Whigham, Macdonald, Forgan, and Willits) secured places. At Morristown, in 1898, of the thirty-two who qualified only three came from the Western section (W. B. Smith, Macdonald, and R. Crowell, of Cleveland).

Chicago, however, may be justified in retorting that quality counts for more than quantity. Moreover, the game has been making tremendous strides in the Middle West during these last two years, and it is quite possible the coming meeting may develop a string of dark horses entering from neighboring and minor clubs. Chicago has developed W. B. Smith since 1897 (when he failed to qualify), and his brother Harold must also be counted among the coming players.

DISCUSSION over the thousand-mile journey to Chicago should lead to a growing feeling in favor of more sectional championship meetings. We have already a regularly instituted Southern meeting, and there should be similar ones for the Middle West and for the Atlantic and Pacific slopes. Such contests would have the beneficial effect of allaying (to some extent at least) the fever for winning championships, and they would incidentally serve to limit the number of entries at the national meeting. A player would hardly care to enter the general event unless he had done fairly well at his local meeting, and such an unwritten law of eligibility is far more satisfactory than any hard and fast line of qualification. The latter, indeed, is unconstitutional, and no system of exclusion can be devised that would not work injustice somewhere and be a drag upon the progress of the game.

Nominally the amateur event must remain open to all members of the Association; practically it must resolve itself into an aristocracy of golfing skill. This is a big country, and with every passing year the question of awarding national championship in the various branches of sport becomes more and more difficult to answer. In certain lines of athletic endeavor, such as football and rowing, a decision has already become impossible. In time this may be true of golf.

To borrow a phrase from the political economists, we need more spheres of (golfing) influence—local centres that will foster and control sectional interests.

In the early days of the U. S. G. A. it was possible for the governing body to attend to much of this detail work, but with the tremendous growth of the sport anything more than a general oversight has become impracticable. Hence the formation of the local associations at Philadelphia, New York, and Chicago. These minor leagues conserve the best interests of the sport, and are the natural trying-out grounds for the young and coming players. Such a tournament as that held by the Metropolitan Association at Garden City in April is a beginning, and if it had been held a little later in the season it would have ranked next to the Onwentsia meeting in absolute importance. Even so, it has made Harriman favorite among native-bred players for national honors.

FIRST and foremost we may definitely count out Whigham, whose journalistic duties keep him abroad, and who, being no longer the titular champion, has no particular incentive to return for the tournament. Among other certain absentees may be included W. Girdwood Stewart, the English amateur, Joseph H. Choate, Jr., who won the gold medal at Morristown, Foxhall Keene, F. J. Bohlen, and H. M. Forrest. Reginald Brooks, who beat Douglas at Garden City, has been yachting of late, and is hardly in top condition. R. C. Watson, Jr., has also been somewhat off his game; he cut a wide swath through the South last winter, and was the runner-up to Travis at both the Lakewood and Oakland open meetings, at the former of which he beat Douglas. H. P. Toler's (a bronze medallist in '96) business may keep him at home, as it did in 1897; and even if he enters, he may be obliged to scratch at the last moment. He has, however, been putting up a strong game of late, and would certainly be among the elect at Onwentsia.

There are two or three clever schoolboys among the Metropolitan players, but it is not probable they will be seen at Chicago. This class would include H. B. Hollins, Jr., Harry Holbrook, Jr., and Percy Pyne 2d. Young Hollins, in deference to his father's wishes, did not enter at Morristown last September; but Pyne and Holbrook both made creditable scores, and stood close to the top of the unplaced division. Perhaps it is just as well for these youngsters to wait a year or so longer. No boy of seventeen should undergo the physical and nervous strain required of the finalists at a national meeting. Thirty-six holes a day for a week on end is too much work for any but seasoned muscles.

Bow, Atkins. 2, Evans. 3, Bectel. Stroke, Crowther.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FOUR THAT BEAT CORNELL.

TRAVIS must be ranked as one of the most consistent of native performers, and just now he is playing better golf than ever. He won the Lakewood tournament (incidentally beating Douglas in the deferred finals for the November cup), and also the open meeting at his home club, Oakland. He was put out by Harriman (nineteen holes) at the Garden City tournament, but turned the tables at Lakewood, defeating Harriman by 1 up (twenty holes). Taken as a whole, his record for this preliminary season shows up a shade better than Harriman's, and several points better than that of any other Eastern player.

Harriman's clever work at Garden City makes him a strong possibility, and if he will keep in good trim and steady practice he should be well up to the front at Onwentsia. There is no American-bred player who can put up more brilliant golf than Harriman when at his best, and there is the real match-play quality in his work. He beat Tyng at Chicago in 1897, but was put out by Betts, the runner-up. He did not enter at Morristown last year.

Tyng won the Baltusrol open tournament a few weeks ago, but the field was not a noteworthy one. Still, he has been playing a strong game this spring, and he ought to last up to the semi-final rounds.

OF the Eastern college contingent the most likely candidates seem to be John Reid, Jr., of Yale, G. G. Hubbard and J. F. Curtis, of Harvard, and possibly John Stuart, of Princeton. Reid is the present inter-collegiate champion, and probably the best of the lot. Indeed, on the absolute merits of his game, Reid should be ranked close to the top of American-bred golfers. All he needs is the ability to do his best when that best is required.

There is also Dwight of Yale, who stepped into prominence by defeating Douglas at the Crescent tournament, though it is not likely he will do it again, even if he meets him at Onwentsia.

Among Eastern dark horses is Courtney Jenkins, of Baltimore, who is only a boy, and came into prominence by defeating Douglas in a handicap tie at the Baltimore open meeting a fortnight ago, but, as with Dwight, no one really expects him to beat Douglas again.

The West is expected to furnish the bulk of entries at Onwentsia, and Chicago should have a larger representation in the qualifying list than hitherto. C. B. Macdonald, W. B. Smith, F. R. Hamlin, Harold C. Smith, G. S. Willits, W. Holabird, D. R Forgan, and William Waller may be counted on to qualify, and other possibilities include Robert Crowell, of Cleveland, and W. C. Carnegie, of Pittsburg. There is also young Foulis, brother of the professional player, who is understood to be eligible, and capable of putting up a very strong game.

FINALLY there is Douglas himself, after his disastrous preliminary season, during which he has been beaten six times, once each by Brooks, Travis, Watson, Dwight, Bohlen, and Jenkins in eighteen-hole matches. And yet, with the possible exception of Travis, not one of these players is really in Douglas's class, as a thirty-six-hole round will probably demonstrate. Many there are who can return an occasional 37 or 38 for nine holes, and others who can get down to 80 or 82 for the round when fully on their game. But how many golfers are there who (at match play) can play round after round and show, say, 85 as their worst figure? This is Douglas's game, and it may and often does require the double round to establish its intrinsic superiority.

Therefore Douglas must not be underestimated in forecasting likely results at Onwentsia. The thirty-six-hole rounds are all in his favor, and, moreover, he has had more chance for practice than he had a year ago, and is now at the top of his game.

Yet to-day a better chance exists for the American-bred golfer than ever before. Three years ago Macdonald was thought to be invincible, but after Thorp demonstrated that the foreign-bred player could be beaten, Betts and W. B. Smith emphasized the discovery by also defeating Macdonald.

It is to be remembered that Douglas has been beaten several times at match play and by inferior players. We may assume him to have been really desirous of winning these matches, and the explanation must be that he could not fully extend himself in the comparatively short round of eighteen holes. At thirty-six he would probably have won.

Accepting the truth of this conclusion, it means simply that Douglas's uniform steadiness and accuracy are expected to pull him out in the end. But these are the distinctive marks of a scoring rather than of a match player. It is not the average round in 83 that puts a man at the head of the list, but the ability to get holes at or below par figures when it becomes absolutely necessary. The long approach out of the "rough" that leaves the ball dead at the hole-side, the tricky putt that snatches a half out of the fire, these are the ear-marks of all the great match-players, from Allan Robertson down to ex-Amateur Champion Tait.

ADMITTING without reserve the excellent all-round quality of Douglas's game, can it be said that it has shown to the greatest advantage at match play? Defeated by one hole at Lakewood and at Crescent and at Baltimore! Surely a champion should have been able to save two holes out of the three, with all due allowance for flukes, including a Crescent haycock. The same distinction applies to Macdonald's game, for the Chicago golfer is without question a score rather than a match player. Naturally the score-player is seen to better advantage the longer the round. At seventy-two holes Hilton could probably beat both Ball and Tait every time they met. And in the same way Douglas wins out in his thirty-six-hole rounds.

But if Douglas can be beaten at eighteen holes it is possible that he can be beaten at thirty-six? The mere fact that he has been conquered under any conditions must have a moral effect, and this counts for something in a hotly contested match. Those who saw Harriman playing at Garden City could not help thinking that here was a man who might have a chance if he would really try. Harriman was determined to win the Garden City tournament, and he did. But he had to work to do it, spending long hours in preliminary practice. He has done nothing in comparison towards fitting himself for the great event of the year.

He has it in him to win, if not the actual championship,

Stroke, F. L. Blake. 3, J. N. Kernan. 2, J. F. Perkins. Bow, L. Endicott.

THE HARVARD FOUR.

Stroke, A. Cameron. 3, P. L. Mitchell. 2, J. P. Brock. Bow, R. S. Patterson.

THE YALE FOUR.

at least a high place on the honor roll. But he must work harder than he has recently. Travis, John Reid, Jr., and W. B. Smith are, following Harriman, the most prominent candidates for places in the semi-finals. But it does not seem likely that any one of the three can beat out Douglas in the double round. On the face of the returns the champion appears entitled to keep his place.

VIEWED from a non-partisan stand-point, the only disappointing feature of the Pennsylvania-Columbia-Cornell-Wisconsin 'varsity race, June 27, on Hudson, was the failure of the Cornell crew to hold its form after one and one-half miles had been rowed. Not so much for the influence it might have had on final results, but because it would have furnished a just comparison of strokes that are causing no end of discussion.

As it is now, we are as much at sea as hitherto. Personally I am strong as ever in my conviction that the Cornell stroke is a less wearing and a more speed-giving one for four miles than the stroke rowed by Pennsylvania. And let no one misinterpret this declaration into captious criticism or depreciation of Pennsylvania's victory, or of the really beautiful rhythm disclosed in the work of her eight. A crew never won a race it had more fully earned—by well-judged pace, plucky, persistent, and absolutely harmonious endeavor.

But until I see it done, I cannot be convinced that a stroke with indifferent catch, twenty-two inches of slide, scarcely any body-swing, and only a fair recover will carry eight men faster over four miles than a stroke with a smart, hard catch, eighteen to twenty inches of slide, good body-swing, and an easy, smooth recover.

There is honest difference of opinion on this subject among some of us who fancy we have given the matter study enough to be entitled to an opinion, and Pennsylvania and Mr. Ward must not, as they have on occasion, view that difference or the expression of it as slurring the Pennsylvania stroke.

UNQUESTIONABLY defeat of Cornell two years in succession is heavy argument in favor of the stroke Ward has evolved in the last three years from his original stroke and by the experience born of many defeats. I did not see the race last year, and therefore am not prepared to discuss it; but the race of the other day was by no means a conclusive test of the strokes. Only the great individual strength in the Cornell boat saved it from falling back to the very tail end, where Columbia held undisputed and gradually slowing way.

Columbia's exhibition differed from Cornell's in that the former eight apparently got out of the stroke all the speed possible to men of their strength. To the limit of their conception of the stroke they certainly appeared a knowing lot; perhaps their conception was at fault, but certainly they rowed together and in good form throughout the four miles, but as surely their stroke seemed to lack vigor at the end and to lose valuable time at the full reach. There was not the power in the stroke revealed by any one of the others on the river. Yet the snappy hard catch and the leg drive suggest speed possibilities, which I have no doubt will be realized by more even distribution. And furthermore, it should be remembered, that 20 min. 20 sec. for four miles is fast rowing for any crew and any stroke.

WISCONSIN, it must be admitted, furnished the sensation of the race, though I cannot understand how rowing-men who saw her last year could have failed to recognize how formidable she would be in '99. Hers is a stroke that suggests both smoothness and speed, while the men themselves supply ample evidence of strength. I certainly prefer the stroke Wisconsin showed this year at Poughkeepsie to that disclosed by any other 'varsity crew on Hudson in 1899, though the Courtney stroke, when properly executed, still holds my preference.

Abundant spirit and dash are evident in Wisconsin's work; there are a long stroke in the water, more body-swing than shown by any 'varsity crew rowing this year, and an even, smooth recover.

Had she held her proper course in the last half-mile at Poughkeepsie, and the bow four shown as even work as they had up to that time, the decision at the finish would have been closer, and it is not at all improbable that even victory might have gone to the Western crew.

An Eastern trip was conceived at Wisconsin in the full confidence of her crew's capabilities, and because of lack of suitable rivalry at home, and it has been carried out in sportsmanly fashion. The crew richly merit all the glory the Poughkeepsie regatta has brought, and they have shown to the East that there are other strokes—good strokes—besides those taught on the Atlantic coast.

Wisconsin averaged 162 lbs.; Pennsylvania, 160 lbs.; Cornell, 161 lbs.; Columbia, 166 lbs. Cornell averaged oldest, Pennsylvania next, and Columbia youngest.

TWO false starts were occasioned by Wisconsin's No. 2 slipping his slide and Columbia's unpreparedness at the signal—but these served to show the evenness of the four crews in getting away. When the final start came on the third attempt, all four got off on very even terms, with Pennsylvania perhaps a trifle to the good, followed by Cornell, Columbia, and Wisconsin. Cornell had the outside or No. 4 course; Columbia, No. 3; Pennsylvania, No. 2; and Wisconsin the inside or No. 1 course.

During the short, rapid, racing strokes at the start, and for about 100 yards, the relative positions remained unchanged, though Pennsylvania and Cornell perhaps a bit accentuated their lead. But when this spurt had subsided, Wisconsin, pulling a long stroke and putting plenty of spirit in it, began to show to the front, and at the quarter, rowing 36 strokes to the minute, was leading Pennsylvania, rowing 35, a length, Cornell doing 34, and Columbia 34, being close up.

At the half mile Cornell had passed Pennsylvania, which was on about even terms with Columbia, and had got within a quarter length of the Westerners. Another quarter, with Cornell and Wisconsin pulling the same number of strokes, demonstrated the more speed-giving qualities of Courtney's stroke by putting Cornell on even terms with the leaders, while a quarter-length back were Pennsylvania and Columbia on about even terms.

FOR the next half mile Cornell and Wisconsin furnished a beautiful race, each raising the stroke a point, and Cornell's shell for the first quarter gradually pushing a little to the front. Meantime Pennsylvania and Columbia were falling back, and it looked for a few moments as though neither was to be a serious factor in the race. Thus they passed the half-mile post.

Suddenly there seemed hesitation in the Cornell boat, as though some piece of the propelling machinery had encountered unexpected and unusual friction, and Wisconsin immediately slipped ahead, so easily no effort was apparent. Only a quarter mile sufficed for her to catch Cornell, and at the 1½ miles Wisconsin led Cornell by a length, and Pennsylvania was overhauling Cornell, while Columbia was falling steadily to the rear.

From this point the hesitation in the Cornell boat became a violent break at No. 5, whose performance certainly was extraordinarily bad for a 'varsity oar, and Cornell began dropping back, while Pennsylvania commenced to creep up. Wisconsin, however, holding to 33, kept serenely on her way. At 2 miles she led Pennsylvania a length, and Cornell was a quarter behind Pennsylvania. Half a mile farther Pennsylvania had cut down Wisconsin's lead a quarter, and left Cornell as much farther, while Columbia was one and one-half lengths back of Cornell. And now a break at No. 3 also was visible in Cornell.

PENNSYLVANIA passed the 3-mile post one length behind Wisconsin and a length ahead of Cornell, and apparently immediately realized—if she had not before—that Cornell was out of it, and Wisconsin the dangerous factor, for twenty hard strokes were called for by the coxswain, and chase of the leader set out upon in earnest. Within the half mile Pennsylvania had made up a quarter length; Wisconsin, awakening to the situation, quickened her stroke also; and so they passed the 3½-mile point, Wisconsin leading Pennsylvania by half a length, while Cornell was two lengths back of Pennsylvania, and Columbia several lengths in the rear.

Pennsylvania was evidently driving her shell to her limit of strength and speed, but in perfect time and without a break in the unity of motion, and in the next quarter mile gained another quarter length on Wisconsin, despite the latter's increase of stroke to 36. The Western crew had begun getting off its course at the 3½ miles, and a couple of crabs by some one in the bow, as well as the break at bow, together with Pennsylvania's increasing speed, served to bring Pennsylvania on even terms within an eighth of a mile from the finish-line. It was desperate work at the last, but Pennsylvania won out by half a length in 20 min. 4 sec. Referee, Richard Armstrong. The conditions were perfect and fast—no wind, water smooth as glass, and a strong current. The record for the course is 19 min. 29 sec., made by Cornell in '96. Pennsylvania in practice did 19 min. 23 sec., and Wisconsin 19 min. 56 sec.

	Pennsylvania.		Wisconsin.		Cornell.		Columbia.	
	Position.	Stroke.	Position.	Stroke.	Position.	Stroke.	Position.	Stroke.
Start	1		4		2		3	
½ mile	3	33	1	32	2	32	4	34
1 mile	3	34	2	33	1	33	4	34
1½ miles	3	35	1	33	2	34	4	34
2 miles	2	36	1	33	3	35	4	33
2½ miles	2	35	1	34	3	34	4	34
3 miles	2	35	1	33	3	35	4	34
3½ miles	2	36	1	35	3	35	4	34
3¾ miles	2	36	1	36	3	34	4	35
Finish	1	36	2	36	3	34	4	34

Time—Pennsylvania, 20 min. 4 sec.; Wisconsin, 20 min. 5½ sec.; Cornell, 20 min. 13 sec.; Columbia, 20 min. 20 sec.

This race demonstrated (1) that the outside course is not, as claimed, materially faster, and (2) that four-mile races are not invariably decided at the three-mile point.

HARVARD has waited seven long years for a crew victory over Yale, but the reward of last Thursday at New London was ample, for never has an eight from Harvard defeated Yale in manner so impressive. It was a race fairly decided on the merits of the two crews and the two strokes engaged. There were no accidents to interfere with a just conclusion, and no breaks in the losing eight to handicap the stroke they had been taught.

The Yale crew was distinctly not below the Yale average, as ignorantly stated in the newspapers. It was not only fully up to the average, but it was above the average. Furthermore, it was one of the most powerful crews Yale ever developed, and had it run the back and leg work parts of its stroke one into the other more completely, a wonderfully fast crew would have resulted. As it was, Yale '99 could undoubtedly have beaten Yale's beautifully finished crew of '98 about as much in four miles as Harvard beat Yale '99 'varsity last week.

The conditions were by no means fast for the 'varsity race; in point of fact, they were rather slower than usual; so Harvard's winning time was very fast, while Yale's time has been equalled by only two winning crews on the Thames in ten years—in '88, the record year, and in '92. Both crews this year were fast—considerably above the average not only in speed, but in form. And Yale had an eight of such exceptional power that, had the full strength of the men been utilized in the stroke, a new Thames four-mile record would probably have resulted despite the slow conditions.

BUT the satisfying feature of the race was the superb manner in which the losing Yale crew held its form. There was not a moment, so far as my observation went, in which it lost its time; the blade-work continued good, and the stroke oar, Williams, for all the glass could detect to the contrary, did his work sturdily and well.

It was apparent to the observing eye, however, wherein the Yale stroke itself, as compared with the Harvard stroke, lost in strength and speed-giving quality. In the Yale boat there was the strong, vigorous catch, followed by the tremendous heave of the shoulders as the power went on; then came a weakening and pace-losing instant when there seemed a relinquishing of the power, followed quickly by a strong drive with the legs.

In the Harvard boat there was not such energy on the catch, nor a heave with the shoulders so mighty; but the blades dropped in smartly, took hold promptly, the push against the stretchers began, and the power went on and staid on until the stroke had been rowed through. Harvard's leg-work, in my judgment, can be greatly bettered at the end of the stroke, but, none the less, it proved more effective than Yale's on Thursday, because it was applied immediately and maintained more uniformly. It was a steady push and pull in the Harvard shell from the instant the blades dropped into the water. While in the Yale boat there seemed two distinct elements of the stroke—viz., a spirited, strong catch, followed by an apparent let up, and then an emphatic snapping down of the legs on the finish of the stroke.

It was the same feature that had been noticeable in the boat all the season,—a comparatively short stroke, with all the power being put on before and at the pin. Though appearances in this instance were deceptive, for Yale is really rowing a longer stroke this year than formerly, and one more speed-giving, as comparison with the time made by this and other Yale crews will convince.

The Harvard stroke is built on the same principles followed at Yale, only Mr. Storrow fitted the parts of the stroke more completely one into the other than did the Yale coaches, and therefore Harvard could get more speed at a less expense of initial power.

The two were coached in practically the same stroke, but Harvard's execution was smoother, more skilful, and therefore the more speed getting.

	Harvard.		Yale.	
	Stroke.	Time.	Stroke.	Time.
Start	36		37	
½ mile	36	2 min. 30½ sec.	37	2 min. 29½ sec.
1 mile	34	5 " 07½ "	34	5 " 08½ "
1½ miles	35	7 " 38 "	36	7 " 42 "
2 miles	35	10 " 17 "	33	10 " 24 "
2½ miles	34	12 " 17 "	35	12 " 26 "
3 miles	33	15 " 26 "	34	15 " 35 "
3½ miles	33	18 " 05½ "	33	18 " 18 "
Finish	34	20 " 52½ "	33	21 " 13 "

THE story of the 'varsity race is soon told. Harvard had the west and Yale the east course, and they were on their marks at twenty minutes after six. With fair, though not fast, conditions at the start, the two got off very evenly; perhaps Yale had a slight bit the advantage, both employing the short racing-start stroke for a few seconds, and then settling down, Harvard to 36, Yale 37. For a couple of hundred yards it was practically impossible to judge who was leading, the bow tip of the shells zigzagging, now one and now the other showing in front. Until the quarter was reached their positions remained relatively the same, but then Harvard's boat began to come out and show, first a yard and then another, until the bow man could be plainly made out over the prow of the Yale shell. Yale now, however, raised her stroke a point, and Harvard, maintaining the same stroke, began to fall back gradually, until at the half-mile flag Yale was leading by a quarter-length. At the three-quarter point Yale had dropped her stroke to 36, and Harvard, holding to the same number, was gradually creeping up. Just before the mile was reached the two were on even terms, and the smoother running of the Harvard shell, and the more even distribution of strength in her stroke, were quite apparent.

SLOWLY the Harvard shell drew to the front, until, at the mile, a lead of one-quarter length had been obtained. It was pretty racing during the next half mile; each had lowered the stroke, but the crimson shell kept going away, until at two miles there was a length of open water between the two, and both were pulling in as good form as they had in the first quarter. It was supposed a hot race would result to the two-mile flag, since Yale's known speed for that distance gave the relative positions at that point a momentous bearing on the final two miles. There was still room for Yale hope, even though her crew had not first reached the half-way mark; but the next half mile destroyed it, for Harvard, still going easily, added another length to her lead. Although Yale made a spurt after passing the three-mile post, and held Harvard down to only a one-quarter gain in the next half, the crimson lead was still three and one-half lengths as the crews entered upon the final half mile, and Yale could not win unless accident befell Harvard, as indeed it very nearly did, because of inadequate policing of the course near the finish. Harvard finished strong and easily in 20 min. 52½ sec. Yale also finished with every man sitting up in the boat—time 21 min. 13 sec. Each crew had rowed a fast race in good form. Harvard averaged 169 lbs., 20½ years, 6 ft.; Yale averaged 171 lbs., 20¾ years, 5 ft. 11¾ in.

Referee, W. A. Meikelham.

RECORD OF HARVARD–YALE RACES ON THE THAMES.

Year.	Winner.	Time.	Year.	Winner.	Time.
1876	Yale	22.02	1887	Yale	22.56
1877	Harvard	24.36	1888	Yale	*20.10
1878	Harvard	20.44½	1889	Yale	21.20
1879	Harvard	22.15	1890	Yale	21.29
1880	Yale	20.27	1891	Harvard	21.23
1881	Yale	22.13	1892	Yale	20.48
1882	Harvard	20.47	1893	Yale	25.01½
1883	Harvard	24.26	1894	Yale	22.17
1884	Yale	20.31	1895	Yale	21.30
1885	Harvard	25.15½	1896	No race.	
1886	Yale	20.41½	1899	Harvard	20.52½

* Record.

In 1897 Cornell, Yale, and Harvard raced at Poughkeepsie. Cornell won, 20.34; Yale second, 20.44.

In 1898 Cornell, Yale, and Harvard raced at New London, Cornell winning in 23.48; Yale second.

CHARLES M. MURPHY rode a mile on a bicycle, June 21, in sixty-five seconds, which is not only faster than man ever rode, but faster than living creature ever travelled by self-propulsion. He rode on a track made of five wood planks, each ten inches wide, paced by a locomotive with a car attached, at the rear of which was built a boxlike structure, inside of which Murphy rode—shielded from the wind. No straps or any kind of harness were employed; he rode naturally, keeping up with his steam pace-maker by pedalling—a wonderful and thrilling performance. **Murphy weighs 154 pounds and is twenty-nine years old. On Friday, June 30, another attempt was successfully made, and the record reduced to 57⅘ sec. He rode a regular racing model, weighing 20½ pounds and geared to 120.**

Freshman races and Harvard-Yale baseball next week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"THE GOLFICIDE."—BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, ORNAMENTAL, $1 00.—HARPER & BROTHERS

Luna's Envoys

(*See Illustrations, page 666*)

AFTER the battle at the Rio Grande, which was described by Mr. Bass in the last number of the WEEKLY, the Filipino general, Antonio Luna, sent his chief of staff and an aide, with a trumpeter bearing a flag of truce, to General Otis and the American commissioners at Manila. On April 29 a conference was held; a proposition was made and declined; and the envoys returned to General Luna's headquarters at Santo Tomás. But again, while the events which another correspondent of the WEEKLY describes in the present issue were taking place—while Lawton's column was advancing from Angat to Maasin—the same envoys returned with new propositions for a cessation of hostilities, suggesting that General Otis should grant a three months' armistice in the entire archipelago. This second visit occurred on May 2, and on May 3 (the day before the fall of Maasin) the envoys received an unfavorable reply, and started northward once more. Passing through the American lines at Calumpit on the evening of May 3, they said good-by to General MacArthur, at whose headquarters they had been hospitably entertained; possibly, also, they said *au revoir*, for May 4 is the date of the taking of Santo Tomás by MacArthur's division, as well as the capture of Maasin by Lawton's advance.

With the aid of Mr. Bengough's drawings on page 666, and the notes which accompany them, we are able to realize the interesting scene as though we had ourselves been eye-witnesses. The unsuccessful Filipino officers arrived at the moment when General MacArthur was busy superintending the preparations of the American troops for the forward movement which was about to begin—in fact, before sunset it had begun. Then they saw a force which they had learned to regard as overwhelming; and even while they looked on the carabao-carts loaded with commissary supplies, the army wagons, cavalrymen, and artillery, with Chinese carriers for the heavy burdens, were steadily advancing—and the objective point of this formidable army was the same as their own! "They were clearly ill at ease," Mr. Bengough writes, "amid the scene of energetic antagonism, and scarcely seemed to relish the general's little joke, which was translated to them, to the effect that the river was a pleasanter place to cross on this occasion than it had been on the day of the fight, when the Americans had to swim it, ferry across it, or go over on the bare and open girders of the railway bridge under fire. After farewells had been said, a hand-car was used to conduct the Filipinos up the railway track and into their lines. And thus sadly seated beside Major Mallory, with several lusty American soldiers shoving the car, and their black trumpeter bringing up the rear with a white flag, they returned to their stronghold at Santo Tomás, from which they were promptly driven in the morning by the American general and the men they had left so pleasantly in the evening." The defeat of General Luna at Santo Tomás, it will be remembered, gave MacArthur possession of San Fernando, a comparatively pleasant and decidedly important town in the rich sugar district of Pampanga province, where huge sugar-warehouses afford shelter for the army during the rainy season; and at San Fernando MacArthur's headquarters have remained ever since.

Diary of the Revolt

Wednesday, June 21.—The transport *Centennial*, while on her way to Manila, struck a rock off Cape Engaño, the northeastern point of Luzon, and remained fast for several hours. During this time she was surrounded by swarms of natives in canoes, and her captain was obliged to throw overboard a hundred tons of supplies in order to lighten the ship sufficiently to get her afloat. The Filipinos thereupon abandoned the design of attacking the vessel, and fell to quarrelling over the flotsam.

Thursday, June 22.—A force, said to be the largest yet mobilized by the Filipinos, was under command of Aguinaldo near San Fernando; this included two thousand men withdrawn from the Antipolo region after Lawton's expedition in that quarter, and the army of the late General Luna. General MacArthur's troops were annoyed by repeated attacks. Several Americans were wounded.

Friday, June 23.—Rumors of a call for volunteers led individuals and organizations in various parts of the country to tender their services to the War Department. Governor Roosevelt telegraphed to President McKinley that, in the event of such a call, New York was prepared to furnish all the men the government might ask for.

Monday, June 26.—The first step in the direction of self-government on the part of the natives was watched with interest at Manila, where American and Filipino judges began to sit together in the Supreme Court. In the criminal courts the native judges began to hold jurisdiction over all offences except those committed by soldiers or against military authority.

The situation and conditions in the Philippines were outlined by General Otis in a despatch to the Adjutant-General at Washington. General Otis said, in substance: During the rainy season little inland campaigning will be possible in Luzon. . . . Insurgent armies have suffered great losses, and are scattered; the only large force held together (about 4000) is in Tarlac province and northern Pampanga; their scattered forces, in bands of fifty to five hundred, are in other portions of Luzon; in Cavité and Batangas provinces they could assemble possibly 2000, though demoralized by recent defeat. The mass of the people, terrorized by insurgent soldiers, desire peace and American protection: no longer flee on approach of our troops, unless forced by insurgents, but gladly welcome them; no recent burning of towns. The population within our lines is becoming dense, and is taking up land cultivation extensively . . . . city population becoming too great to be cared for; natives in Southeast Luzon combining to drive out insurgents. The only hope of the insurgent leaders is in United States aid. They proclaim the near overthrow of the present administration, to be followed by their independence and recognition by the United States. This is the influence which enables them to hold out. Much contention prevails among them, and no civil government remains. Trade with ports not in our possession, former source of insurgent revenue, is now interdicted. I am not certain of the wisdom of this policy, as people in those ports are without supply of food and merchants are suffering losses; meditate restoring trade privileges, although insurgents reap benefits. Courts here in successful operation under direction of able Filipinos. Affairs in other islands are comparatively quiet, awaiting results in Luzon; all are anxious for trade, and repeated calls for American troops are received. Am giving attention to Joló [Sulu] Archipelago and Palawan Island. Our troops have worked to the limit of endurance. Volunteer organizations have been called in; replaced by regulars, who now occupy salient positions. Nebraska, Pennsylvania, and Utah now taking transports, and Sixth Infantry sent to Negros to relieve California. These troops are in good physical condition. Sickness among troops has increased lately, due mostly to arduous service and climatic influences. Nothing alarming. Of the 12 per cent. of the command reported sick, nearly 6 per cent. are in the general hospital. . . . Many officers and men who served in Cuba break under recurrence of Cuban fever, and regular regiments lately received are inadequately officered.

In a second despatch of the same date General Otis reiterated his statement that 30,000 *effective* men—*i. e.*, an addition to his present force of twelve to fifteen per cent.—would be sufficient to enable him to control the Philippine situation.

Tuesday, June 27.—The transport *Grant*, carrying the Sixteenth Infantry, arrived at Manila.

General Otis's newly minted statement that his troops had worked to the limit of endurance outweighed his other declaration (originally a coin of equal value, but worn light from much using) that 30,000 men were enough. The necessary orders for continuing enlistments were issued by the War Department; and as the regular army had already secured its legal quota, the muster in of volunteers was anticipated.

MARRION WILCOX.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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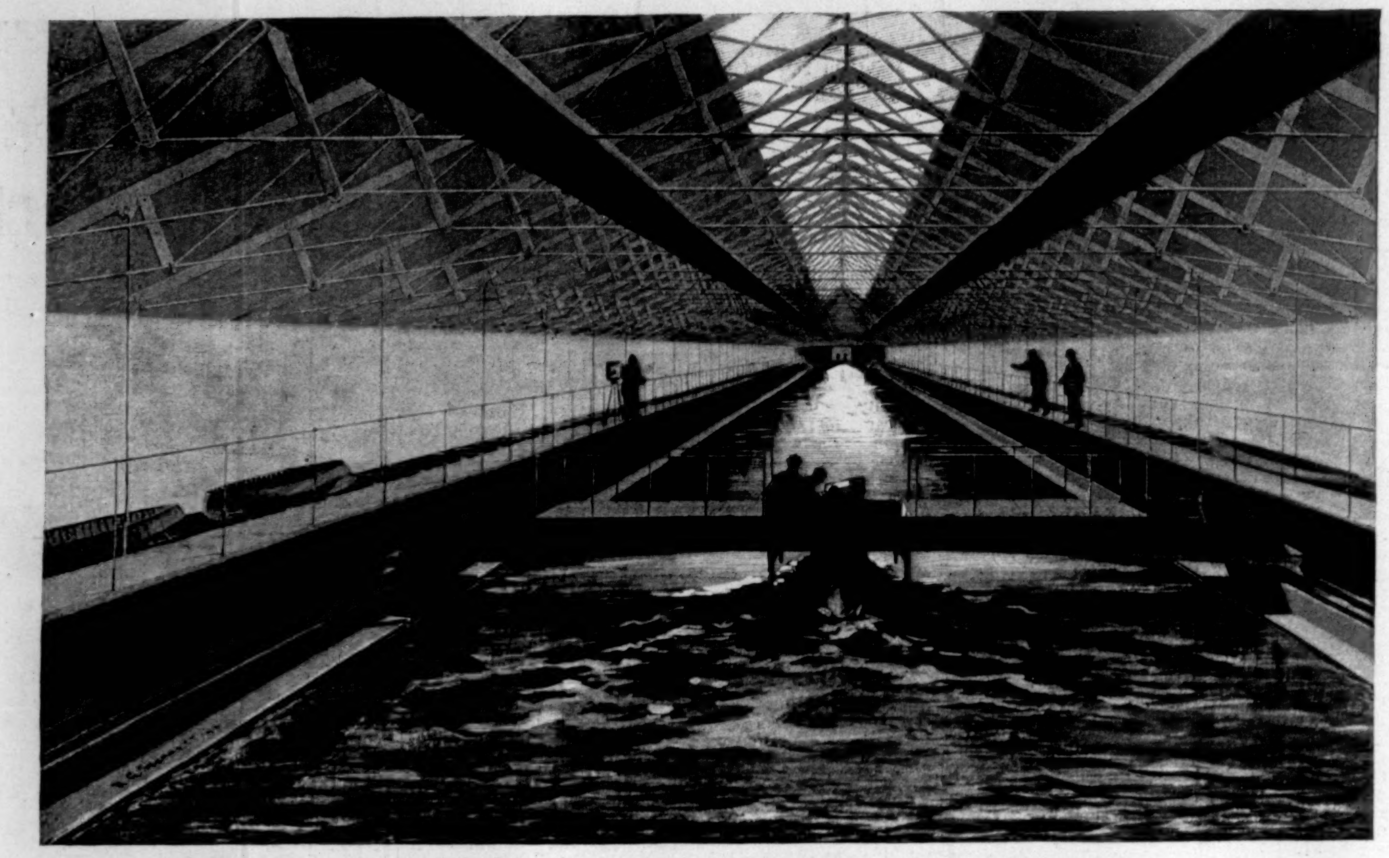
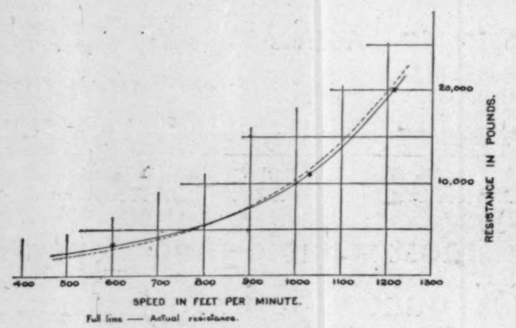


THE UNITED STATES MODEL EXPERIMENTAL BASIN AT THE WASHINGTON NAVY YARD.—Drawn by R. G. Skerrett.

Naval Model-Basin

CONGRESS at its last regular session completed an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars for the construction at the Washington Navy Yard of an experimental model-basin, which is now nearing completion. Henceforth our ships-of-war will be modelled and engined on the lines established by the performances of miniatures of the proposed craft, the model being in each case as nearly twenty feet long as scale will permit, that the functions may be read more positively.

Twenty-five years ago Dr. William Froude, of England, began a series of experiments to predetermine the resistance of ships by towing reduced-scale models of the proposed vessels—at correspondingly reduced speeds—in a tank built for that especial purpose, recording at the same time, by delicate mechanisms, the force needed to draw the miniature at the various relative speeds. To verify his conclusions, the *Greyhound*, a British man-of-war, was towed at proportionate speeds by another vessel, and the power required—*i.e.*, tow-rope pull—was registered by a dynamometer studiously compensated for the trial conditions. From this double set of experiments he deduced his "law of comparison," by which the performance of the model—speed and resistance—multiplied by the model's ratio to that of the intended craft, would establish the possibilities and engine needs of the finished ship; and incidentally he upset a number of mistaken notions regarding form of hull in relation to water resistance. How closely the actual resistance of the *Greyhound* was approximated by that calculated independently from the vessel's model the following diagram* will show.



COMPARISON OF ESTIMATED AND ACTUAL RESISTANCES OF H.B.M.S. "GREYHOUND."

Prior to those investigations the designer's judgment and experience, coupled with certain rule-of-thumb methods of estimation, were the only means of calculating the possibilities of a design; and even those speculative processes were tainted by false conceptions of the true nature of water disturbance and the resistance offered to buoyant bodies. And it is not too much to say that the discoveries and experiments of Froude, in conjunction with the development of the "stream-line" theory of fluids, are intimately and profoundly associated with all that has dignified the advancement of naval architecture during the last quarter of a century.

The old-time notion that a ship had to push aside a certain bulk of water equal to her own weight and forcibly draw it in after her again is no longer tenable. It is now known that water is controlled by a great inherent self-balancing force many times greater than the ship's power, the slight inequalities of which are the only things to be combated. In the total opposition of "skin friction," "eddy-making," and "wave-forming" resistance the sum of this retarding force in one of our large battle-ships is less than one two-hundredth part of the vessel's entire weight.

To determine what lines will effect the greatest reduction in this opposition and will take the most advantage of the wave of replacement is the object of these model trials—the only means of positive determination. These experiments are conducted with wonderful accuracy and exquisite regard to minutiæ, as the following description will show.

First we have a covered basin of fresh water—scrupulously clean—370 feet long, 43 feet wide, and with a uniform depth of 14 feet. Along the double tracks on each side will travel the carriage which is to tow the model and to bear the delicate mechanisms which are to record the speed, the distance travelled, and the pull or resistance of the small craft. This carriage will be driven by four electric motors at the four corners of the carriage, the energy being transmitted to them by a trolley brushing the wires on the under side of the model-racks, and will have a possible speed of 20 knots, the correlative of 80 knots an hour for a 400-foot ship. The purposes of this excessive speed is merely for the experimental determination of skin friction, and not, of course, for the evolution of vessels of any such abnormal velocity. This carriage is purposely made very heavy and rigid, to avoid vibration and to insure uniformity of speed and accuracy of records. Ordinarily there will be but two persons on the carriage—one to take readings, and the other to control the run. Ample safeguards, in the shape of friction brakes and hydraulic brakes, insure positive and gradual checking at the end of the runs.

The models will be cut out from built-up blocks of white pine by a specially devised cutting-machine having knives revolving at a very high rate of speed. The block will be placed in position for cutting, and on a near-by table will be laid a plan of the "lines" of the proposed ship. The operator will guide a point attached to a long arm along each line, and by a pantograph movement the knives will be directed accordingly and cut away the block to the proper form. Both sides will be cut at once, and when completed will be taken out and smoothed up by hand, and finally carefully painted.

After that the model is strengthened by suitable interior bracing, is put in the balancing-tank, where it is carefully weighted to the proper displacement and trimmed to the designed draught. The model is then placed in the trial tank and attached to the carriage, and while rigidly held against lateral deviation, is free to roll or dip like an unrestrained ship. Everything in readiness, the miniature is towed at several speeds, proportionately equal to that of the full-sized craft, her total resistance noted, the results spotted on cross-section paper, and a fair curve made to connect the several points (see *Greyhound* diagram) and register the intervening possibilities without further trial. The surface, or skin, friction element is determined by trying separately plane thin surfaces of equal area and length, which can make no waves, and the total resistance, minus this result, yields the sum of "wave-forming" and "eddy-making" resistance. The latter is then established by a fair allowance based upon the form of hull, varying in modern practice from four to six per cent. of the total resistance, and represents the amount of "wake."

The push and efficiency of the screw are established first by separate trials—that one being chosen that best translates the power-equivalent of the known total resistance—curves of the trials being made, and then in conjunction with the model to discover the relation between the screw's backward drag upon the hull and the helpful push of the wake, that the proper propulsive power may be settled. The position of the waves is noted by photographs, and everything is checked that may tend to aid in discovering faults or help in determining the possibilities of the full-sized craft.

Allowances are made for the retarding influences of rough weather, the difference of density between fresh and salt water is adjusted, and the somewhat disproportionate surface friction of small bodies compensated.

The speed at which the models may be run being *relatively* greater than that of actual ships, the performance of vessels of higher speeds than those yet realized may be predicted, and the possibilities of further advancement, so far as form of hull is concerned, may be determined.

The practical results that Chief-Constructor Hichborn hopes to attain through the provision of this experimental tank are many. The most suitable form for a required speed may be settled and the proper adjustment of power arranged; or, a given form prescribed, the speed can be established at which it can be driven most economically; and this may apply with equal force to the vessels already built which in time may need new engines. The form and position of the waves created may be marked, and the speed or length altered to secure the most helpful location of this disturbance and the greatest harmony of elements. Novel and questionable forms may be tried, and their possibilities discovered beyond doubt; and at all times there will be the systematic accumulation of information easily applicable to any want, but otherwise beyond our reach save through the practical demonstrations of model trials. The ram *Katahdin* is an instance where the possibilities of an exceptional form could have been determined, and her lines altered to meet her contract speed of seventeen knots. As it was, she failed in speed by a knot, but developed 200 *horse-power more* than the estimate of maximum requirements established.

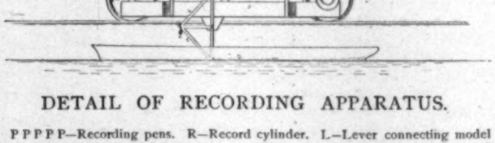
A waste of power involves heavier engines and boilers, greater original cost, so much dead weight to be carried, and an incidentally greater consumption of coal during the life of the vessel.

The scientific analysis of seemingly successful foreign vessels may enable us to build on similar lines—unconsciously, however, reproducing their faults; but the delicate accuracy of model trials places us upon a basis of certainty and on the path toward perfection.

An experimental outlay of a hundred dollars may mean the saving of thousands and the attainment of most desirable ends; and the work of a week may foretell the faults or feasibilities of a structure that would take years to build.

By the same act provision is made whereby such tentative research may be made available for private enterprise in the designing of economical merchantmen; and the establishment of this experimental tank becomes at once a source of invaluable helpfulness not only to the government, but to every aspiring ship-builder in this country.

Robert Gregg Skerrett.



DETAIL OF RECORDING APPARATUS.

P P P P P—Recording pens. R—Record cylinder. L—Lever connecting model and carriage. M—Multiplying lever controlling resistance pen. S—Standardized spring of known resistance against which the model pulls. D—Drag or connection distributing pull along centre line of model and effecting steady motion. C—Counterpoises.

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* From Naval-Constructor D. W. Taylor's "Resistance of Ships and Screw Propulsion," to which this article is otherwise indebted.

THE PHILIPPINE REVOLT

Lawton's Advance on San Isidro

BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

I.—LAWTON HAMPERED BY OTIS

WHEN General Lawton's troops went into Angat for the first time, on the morning of April 27, the town was simply deserted, but in the afternoon, as our forces withdrew to Norzagaray, a few miles below on the opposite side of the river, the town became a seething mass of smoke and flame. By some it is claimed that our own men fired the city, and again that the enemy, who were lurking in the northern suburbs, returned long enough to destroy a beautifully picturesque town, filled with massive moss-grown ecclesiastical buildings a century and a half old. Whether the ruin was brought about by a few looting vandals in our own ranks or by the insurgents, who have all along attempted to force the non-combatants to accompany them by burning their domiciles and leaving only charred and blackened wastes behind them, matters not now; but it is to be regretted that not only this beautiful town, but practically the entire region out of Manila to the northward for thirty miles, once filled with dozens of pretty towns and villages, each with its interesting old Spanish church buildings, should have been gutted by fire, leaving only a landscape of dreary weed-grown rice-fields and softly waving canebrakes to meet the gaze of the few forlorn and weary non-combatants—old and feeble men and women with toddling children—returning with frightened hearts, since they have not elsewhere to go.

In the heavily barred vaults of Angat's convents and monasteries were stored thousands of bushels of rice, and as a few less timid but still frightened natives came back to what had once been a town, hungry and fatigued, they were allowed to draw on these supplies and carry off one bag of "pilai" (unhulled rice) each. It was astonishing how fast the news that the Americanos were distributing rice travelled, and on the next day the numbers of "amigos" were doubled, while on the third they were quadrupled.

General Lawton lives in the simplest way while in camp, and the headquarters, established in a little open field, were so unpretentious, with the single tent flies drawn taut over bamboo poles supported on crossed canes, like huge sawbucks, that one would never have imagined that the compelling nerve of the whole division was domiciled there.

An advance on Muronco on the left and San Rafael on the right bank of the river was begun the next morning. The former town was easily taken, though one life was lost and five men wounded. A few minutes after the enemy had been developed by the scouts at San Rafael and our skirmish-line was steadily advancing in short rushes under fire, General Lawton, who stood by Scott's battery in the open, surrounded by his staff, watching the effect of shrapnel on the enemy's line, received an order from General Otis at Manila to wait at Angat until rations to feed the soldiers should be sent up from the railroad town of Malolos. General Lawton slowly read the despatch, and as slowly turned to his aide—the whole party being under a rain of bullets—and directed him to convey to Colonel Summers the information that he was to withdraw at once. The enemy were already retreating, the town was virtually ours, but the general withdrew, reluctantly, but with promptitude, in spite of his personal belief that he should go ahead. This is an instance of the way in which he always obeys orders from higher authority, with that scrupulousness which makes an ideal officer.

One note of slight criticism might be sounded here by the suggestion that it is not well for any commanding general to attempt to direct every movement of forces in the field, even down to the petty minutiæ, from a metropolitan headquarters thirty-five miles away, which he has never left, and especially when he has never seen the region being traversed, so that his knowledge is necessarily confined to information contained in short, terse telegrams of official nature.

General Lawton had telegraphed General Otis the evening before that he would move on San Rafael the next day, and again wired him in the early morning that he was making the advance, and had received no reply suggestive of a desire that he should remain inactive; and Lawton, knowing that the headquarters at Manila were fully cognizant of the movements of the First Division, was naturally greatly surprised that he should be asked to give up territory once possessed.

General Otis is known as a hard-working, painstaking man, who labors without rest fourteen to sixteen hours a day. But added to his duties as military commander of the forces in the field are the yet more arduous ones of a civil nature, whereby he is striving to adjust the conditions of a city of a quarter of a million people to American ideas of the fitness of things. The latter functions alone are enough to require more than every minute of his working-hours, and it is unfortunate that the original plan conceived by the President and Secretary Alger, of making General Otis the Governor-General of the islands and placing General Lawton in command of the forces in the field, was not carried into effect.

The result of this set-back was that after two days' inactivity, during which the rations were being brought forward—which might just as readily have been moved a little further on to San Rafael, under the escort of a detachment which might have been left in the rear to receive them—Lawton's division again moved forward in the same order, and suffered a needless loss of two lives and five men wounded. Also, the enemy reported in their local papers that we had withdrawn, and no doubt heralded the event as a defeat, thus giving to their army renewed courage and time to more strongly intrench. It should be added that General Otis telegraphed permission later in the day for General Lawton to retain his position, but the general, with that celerity which marks all his movements, had his command in camp again at Angat. Either General Otis did not see General Lawton's despatches communicating the information that he was advancing, or he failed to appreciate the seriousness of moving troops needlessly under a torrid sun, where a dozen men drop each day from heat exhaustion.

On the morning of May 1 the advance on the city of Baliuag, five miles further north, was begun, with the twenty-five scouts, under Young the chief, far in the lead.

Nothing of interest marked the advance, except perhaps the fact that the troops were travelling through what seemed to be an almost continuous village, where the houses were set amid little gardens—a dream of tropical luxuriance, so thick with palms, bananas, and flowering plants that the eye could not penetrate the short distance to the rear of the dwellings, whence the great rice-fields and sugar-lands stretched for miles, divided here and there by long, thin lines of canebrake. Suddenly the first scattering shots begin, followed by that moment of hushed silence when only the steady tramp of the moving men is heard upon the dry, hard earth of a hot and dusty road; then comes the roar of our skirmish-line, who have walked into the enemy in the canebrake to the left; and now follows the reply from the insurgent lines, increased a hundredfold, and the scorching hiss of the tiny steel-clad pellets as they pass overhead in hovering flight, or rip with loud report through the massive cane-stalks near by and into the nipa huts.

The fight opens now to the right of the road, but the firing is light, and now and then the far-off sound of a hot fight being carried on by Colonel Trueman's forces at Bustos comes faintly to the ears.

"Gangway for General Lawton!" some one shouts in the rear, and the marching men break away toward each side of the road to let the gray-haired giant, with his piercing eye straight to the front, pass through at a fast trot, mounted on a big American horse, and followed by his staff and orderlies, who look like tortured pygmies, on the backs of their quick, hard-trotting, tiny native ponies.

Scott's battery has gone into action on the right of the road, 2300 yards from the town, in an open paddy-field. The insurgents, in their blue cotton uniforms, are already running for their lives along a road in plain sight leading out of the city, and with them flee a thousand white suited and skirted figures, staggering under heavy head-loads of personal effects. There is a two-wheeled carrameta, with rearing, plunging, terrified horses; now a shell bursts, and the wagon disappears, but the horses are dashing through the crowd, with harness trailing in strings, and the white-clothed figures have thrown away their burdens and run crouched double.

The road leads far to our right, and Lawton orders in the Oregon and Minnesota men to form a skirmish-line, which is to swing on its outer end and attempt to cut off the enemy in their retreat. The men begin the movement with a will, but as they pass out, a white flag is waved in the far distance on the road toward the city, and Lawton promptly orders Scott to cease firing.

"That is probably a ruse," remarks the general, "but we must not needlessly kill women and children. Captain Case, I wish you would take out a white flag and see what they want. Do not go too far, and be careful."

Captain Case of the Second Oregon, and staff engineer, salutes, mounts his horse, and followed by three orderlies—one carrying the emblem of truce—slowly advances toward the enemy. He has passed the skirmish-line, and, a few minutes later, is over half-way between it and the enemy; yet he goes on, and Lawton grumbles, "He's going too

(*Continued on page 684.*)

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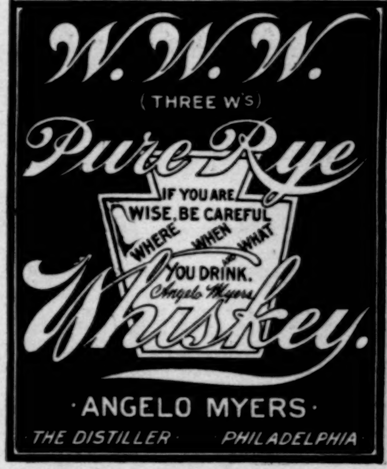

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(*Continued from page 683.*)

far." At 500 yards he halts, but at the battery it looks as if he were within 200 yards of the enemy. There is a Tagalog officer on a black horse coming from behind a bush, but the white flag has disappeared, and as he waves his hand toward the underbrush a tremendous volley of Mauser bullets comes from the ambush. Every horseman turns with a swing toward our lines; one horse stumbles and falls to his knees; then a second volley, and Captain Case falls from his horse to the ground; and one after another the four riders slide on to the flat ground of the rice-field out of sight.

"Quick! Send out a skirmish-line to save those men!" comes the imperative order from the general. "Rush it! They will capture them if you do not hurry." The feet of the men in the skirmish-line seem clogged, and the advance an interminable one, to those who watch, with fast-beating hearts, the long line going to the rescue. How many of them have been killed? is the silent question asked by the eyes of the waiting men. It seems impossible that all can have escaped, and that man on the right certainly fell as though he were mortally wounded. Suddenly four men rise together from the ground and start on the run for the lines, dragging their horses along by the bridles. Another volley, and down they go. Now they are all up again. Captain Case is falling to the rear, for his horse will not lead. They are safe, however, for the sight of the skirmish-line has started the Filipinos on the run; they too are safe, since our men dare not fire with their fellows in front.

Captain Case rides up to General Lawton and, saluting, says, "Sir, I have to report that the flag of truce was fired upon."

"Yes, I saw it was. Was anybody hurt?" asks the general, and then adds, "That is the last time they will have an opportunity to perpetrate that outrage."

No one was hit, and the sensation was over.

The battery gets ready to go into action again, when the great bells of the cathedral in the town ring out in jangled peals, the general remarking, "That's the signal that our men are in the city." It was true that our men were in the town, but they were only half a dozen strong-nerved scouts, accompanied by Major Starr of Lawton's staff, who had forded the river from Bustos. They could see the far right end of our skirmish-line swinging around and hemming in thousands of non-combatants and a line of Filipino soldiers. The fleeing crowd saw them too; they hesitated, then turned and ran like deer right back upon the town. The army may capture them now, within the walls of their own city, but what will happen to the six fearless Americans alone in the town? A signal flag is frantically waved toward the hamlet of Bustos, asking that re-enforcements cross the river, but it is not seen. Just as it looks as if they will be captured in a trap, a company of the Twenty-second Infantry, of Colonel Summers's command, come swinging along the near river-bank and into the public plaza. The terrified fugitives turn again from their beleaguered town, and run southward along the roads heavily intrenched in this direction for several miles, for they had expected us to come this way, and were utterly unprepared for our advance on the north. We have cut off their retreat toward San Miguel and San Isidro; but, by miles of painful marching across the heavy paddy-fields through the whole of the succeeding night, they regained the main avenue of retreat, and passed behind the next intrenched position, at Maasin, seven miles away.

II.—THE FALL OF MAASIN

THE last of the wagon-train has disappeared somewhere in the windings of the bamboo-fenced and densely verdured street, leaving only a faint cloud of settling white dust over the hot road, and you know that the head of the column, with its outflankers and still further extending scouts, must be three miles to the fore toward Maasin, on the San Miguel road.

The streets in the outskirts of the large town of Baliuag are almost deserted, though here and there the little white flags of the "amigos" thrust themselves out, almost timidly, from the picturesque nipa huts, and through the loosely slatted bamboo walls peers an old man, with a hunted look of fear still on his face; for he has not forgotten the yesterday when he fled, with his grown-up offspring, in panic-stricken flight from the place of his birth, while the terrible "big gun" of the Americanos sent shells screaming with that infernal sough through the town. Here half a dozen women lean out through the windows and stare up the road over which the big soldiers have passed, jabbering to one another in suppressed voices, and hitching up, from time to time, their sleeveless camisettes, as they fall gracefully from their bare brown shoulders. Over there, in a little wicker-basket house, a nursing baby peevishly cries, while its anxious mother—who only yesterday fled miles and miles over the steaming paddy-fields—with quick, smothered ejaculations tries to stop its wailings and force upon it the food of nature, soured by bitter fear.

We are nearing the column now, for the dust is yet settling over the green hedges of hibiscus and drifting over the betel-palm and broad-leaved bananas. Around the next turn in the shaded road, where the thatched houses become smaller and farther apart, tramp the rear-guard of the Thirteenth Infantry, and peering over their heads, we see, stretching into the far distance, the most motley wagon-train that ever accompanied a civilized army. Here are Chinese coolies, in broad-brimmed, pagodalike hats, with a sprinkling of felt campaign slouches and white fatigue-caps; they are naked to the waist, clothed below in khaki or white cotton, and at times with nothing but a breech-clout. There are the Tagalogs, clean of body, but with dirt upon their white trousers and lace-curtain outer shirts, the tails of which flap as they walk. The American soldier is there too, in dirty, ragged suit of yellow, with brown leggings all creased and dyed with mud; he may have on the regulation heavy blue woollen shirt, or he may be bare to the waist like the Chinese coolies, with arms, chest, and back burned to the brown of an American Indian. These are only the men who urge forward the winding line of animals, dragging onward the food for four thousand who must be fed at nightfall and after the battle. The lurching carabao bull is there, slowly plodding to the front, urged on by the almond-eyed "Chino." The solid disks of wood which serve the purpose of wheels are fastened to a heavy wooden axle, which creaks and groans as it turns in the seldom-oiled bearings. Many of the carabaos are driven tandem, and patiently bow their necks under the simple loose bow-yoke as they strain under the heavy loads, while little, snub-nosed, meek-eyed baby calves bump against their mothers in infantile stumblings. Here and there one sees the carrameta, or high, two-wheeled, covered carriage of the Philippines, with a carabao instead of the little native horse between the shafts, and the ludicrousness of the outfit is increased by the raw-boned Oregonian perched high up under the hot black top, upon the luggage of a battalion.

The front of the wagon-train has stopped where the few big mule teams and government wagons cannot be driven through a deep mud-hole.

"Send a detail of two companies of the Minnesotas to bring down a couple of those houses for this hole," the commanding officer orders, and in five minutes the men come marching back, covered by the shade of the walls and roofs of what were, a moment since, pretty edifices. Another company has been gathering brush and throwing it into the soft muck, which is five feet deep, and "corduroying" the top with heavy bamboo poles. The sections of thatched roof and walls of interlaced split bamboo are laid end to end on top, and a few spare flexible mats placed upon them, when the way is ready for the advance.

Not a shot has been fired, and as we come out where the broad low-dyked paddy-fields give an extended view, we see the outflankers moving slowly forward, while, far ahead of them, our glasses show the scouts.

Suddenly, "There they are!" some one cries, and *whish! whish! whish!* the spiteful little steel-cased bullets sweep down the road.

All the men in the line instinctively begin to pull ammunition from their belts for their magazines, but they do not load their guns, for the order has not come. Instead one hears the almost convulsive clicking of the metal cases, grasped in hot and sweaty hands, as they press forward with a stride increasing in length as the firing becomes heavier and heavier.

One little fellow—only a boy, who ought to be at home under his mother's care—staggered off the road, with his heavy shoulder roll, gun, and two hundred rounds of ammunition bearing him down, exclaiming, "Lord! that thing scared me!" The whole side of his belt had been literally torn away from his body by a stray bullet, but his flesh was untouched.

On the reserve goes, the officers shouting: "Steady, men! Steady now! There's plenty of time, and the sun's too hot to hustle," whenever the men, in the growing excitement, increase the pace. Their flushed, perspiring faces show how exertion tells on them under the frightful torrid sun.

"Don't leave me, Jim! I believe I'm going to die!" comes an anguished cry from alongside the road. An officer stops long enough to inquire of the prostrate man, whose hands shake and whose eyelids quiver as if with the palsy,

"Where are you hit, my man?"

The bloodshot eyes slowly open, and the poor fellow tries to salute, but his nerveless arm falls helplessly beside him as he mutters: "I ain't hit, Lieutenant. Hell! I ain't afeard of the niggers killing me. It's this damn sun!"

The war of small-arms is getting nearer and nearer, and the bullets swish through the air and spat through the hollow bamboo-canes, so that the non-combatant is tempted to seek for an earth-work in the near-by landscape.

Then comes the cry: "Gangway for the battery! She's going in!" and yell after yell goes up as the big steaming horses, with their drivers astride, rush by, bumping and jumping over every rough place, which causes the cannoneers to roll perilously from side to side of the caissons. How it starts the blood to see these engines of war rushing to meet the enemy! A thrill goes through you and every man in that army,

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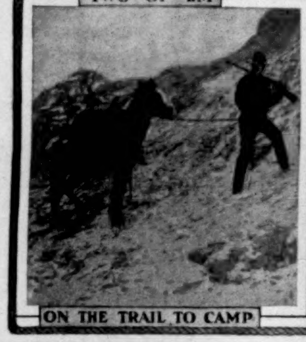
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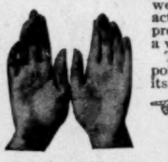

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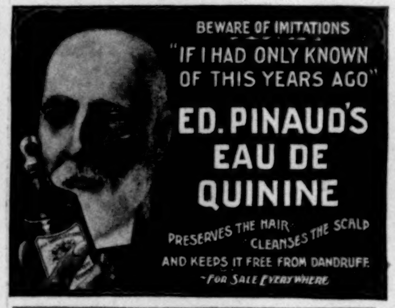
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closely huddled to the sides of the road—a thrill that pumps the fighting-blood into the brain, and for the moment makes every man ready to swear that there is no other game comparable to war!

"Move up another battalion of the Oregons! Pass the word along!" comes the cry down the road from throat to throat. "We're going in, boys! Hit her up!" and every volunteer braces back his shoulders and looks happy through the dust which sticks to his sunburnt face.

"Say, Bill, there's the firing-line over there," remarks a giant from Oregon, in an ordinary conversational tone, just as if he were merely calling attention to a stray horse in the field, or remarking on a loose cartridge in his comrade's belt.

The firing-line, of a hundred men lying prone, with faces close down to the sights, was thundering away with that dull, groaning roar made by large-calibre guns, which was answered by the high-keyed note of the Mausers.

The Chinese coolie litter-bearers come toiling across the rice-fields from the firing-line, carrying the heavy burden of a wounded man. It has astounded the Americans that these hard-driven aliens should so faithfully serve the ambulance corps, going into the thick of every fight without a tremor, provided only that they are accompanied by a white doctor.

Under the canebrake, by the road, lies Private Buckendorf of the Thirteenth Minnesota, shot through the stomach. He is gasping for breath and trying to sit up. "No, it doesn't hurt me much, but I can't breathe right," he replies to the doctor's question. "Take it easy, old man, the ambulance will be here in a moment," but as he speaks, the brave soldier's life-blood spurts forth in a stream from his mouth and nostrils, and he sinks limply back with a deathly pallor. He struggles to articulate, and feebly waves his identification card tied round his neck, whispering, "I live in Minneapolis." There are dear ones there, perhaps, whose broken heart-strings will never vibrate in patriotic sympathy with the cruel war in the Philippines.

"By God! They're on the run! We're flanking them on the right!" shouts an excited soldier.

It was a clever fight—a fight such as General Lawton well knows how to put up, for he hates the needless loss of life resulting from straight forward rushes. He depressed his centre and extended his skirmish-lines right and left, pushing them forward in a huge semicircle, until he was flanking each side of the Filipino line, when the insurgents fled pell-mell down the road and through the banana-shaded gardens of Maasin.

It is all over. The screeching shells of the flanking fire did it, and the primitive-minded enemy ran, as he always will run before an opposing force which, with the grim determination of higher culture and civilization, knows no fear but the possibility of failure.

Under the nearest cooling shade of palms and bananas the weary soldiers throw themselves down in groups.

Arts and Crafts

IV.—WHAT THE ART-WORKERS CAN DO. ARTS AND CRAFTS GUILDS AND EXHIBITIONS

IN the previous paper a description was given of a system of art instruction applied to the handicrafts which seems to be a model one, for it begins at the very beginning, and passes through grades up to a distinct purpose—the development of artistic skill in the various handicrafts of the district. It enables the best artisans to become designers as well as workmen, and seems as if it might eventually solve the difficulty which the masters find in getting good designs, which are at the same time practicable and able to be produced with a prospect of profit.

This is the crux of the difficulty, that hitherto the designer, and the artisan who has to execute the design, have been different persons. The former, even if he is acquainted with the process, knows it only at second hand; the latter, even if the design is practicable, reproduces it mechanically, without the personal feeling that gives it vitality and real beauty. Every material has its own particular possibilities and limitations. The true designer must be practically acquainted with both, and produce a design which shall develop to the utmost the possibilities and avoid the limitations. A design which may be suitable for one kind of wood may not be adapted to another. The question of the hardness or softness or of the grain must be taken into account. What is fit for wrought iron is not suitable for cast iron. The character of the metal, the process to be employed—for example, whether it is to be beaten or chased—all these considerations affect the suitability of a design. The same endless modifications are involved when the designer is dealing with textiles or wall-papers, and so on through all the infinite varieties of trade requirements. A practical acquaintance with the material and the process is essential to the true designer. Hence the great hope of improvement which such a school as the Birmingham Municipal Art School promises. It is gradually forming a body of designers in each branch of trade out of the ranks of the artisans. But another step has been taken towards bringing designer and artisan closer together for their mutual benefit.

A great many painters, sculptors, and architects, whose temperaments incline them toward design, but who feel that their ignorance of materials and processes interferes with their skill and usefulness as designers, have formed guilds or societies, in which the membership includes artisans. Boston, with this end in view, recently established an Arts and Crafts Association. The Art-Workers' Guild in England has reached its fourteenth year. As this movement is sure to spread to other American cities besides Boston, it is interesting to note how the start of the older society was made. It commenced, as the oak-tree does, in the most simple and unostentatious way. A handful of men representing various departments of art agreed to meet together once a fortnight and tell each other all they knew about their respective crafts. They met in one another's rooms. A little refreshment was consumed, a good deal of tobacco, and the gathering was conducted in a spirit of fellowship, with as little formality as possible. They found that these little confabulations not only gave them an insight into the problems of the other fellows' branches of art, but helped to solve their own. It was a co-operation of brains and experiences. Gradually the members increased. But they have never been anxious to secure a large membership. The aim has been to increase the variety of crafts represented, and to add only men who were heartily in sympathy with the purposes of the guild. It now consists of 187 members, representing thirty-six crafts, and meets fortnightly in a hall in Clifford's Inn.

In one respect Boston seems to be ahead of the English society. The association there has begun by securing headquarters where members can meet at all times, and proposes to extend the accommodation by adding a series of workshops. These would be invaluable both to artisans and to designers, and would tend more than anything to bring them together into intimate and practical fellowship. The Boston society had a very healthy commencement, for it grew out of the experiences of previous mistakes. The organizers originally began by holding an exhibition, so as to interest the public in the movement. The same thing has proved a failure elsewhere. It is beginning at the wrong end. It is, practically, trying to build the house before you have secured the material. Until the society has been in existence at least a little while, there are not enough exhibits available of the quality which the society is pledged to uphold. Consequently, to provide a show that will be big enough to attract the public, invitations have to be extended to manufacturing firms to make exhibits. If the invitation is accepted, the articles sent have to be exhibited, although they may be of the very kind against which the existence of the club is a protest. Moreover, the firm's name is attached to the exhibit, generally to the exclusion of the designer's, and always of that of the craftsman; and the affair is in the nature of an advertisement of the firm; whereas it is the first principle of an arts and crafts exhibition that each exhibit shall bear the names of the designer and craftsman, so as to give these men the chance of gaining the recognition of which the present conditions of trade, in whole or in part, deprive them. The experiment proved to the Boston society that it was beginning at the wrong end, and it immediately reconstructed itself so as to include none but art-workers, and shaped its policy with a view to the true method of commencing—the planting of the acorn.

The question may be asked, What is the practical result of all this endeavor? To those who already believe in the desirability of applying true principles of art to industries it is sufficient answer that the various agencies alluded to in these papers seem to be slowly but steadily reaching the end desired. To those whose interest in the subject is not yet awakened it is more difficult to give a reply. Regular returns are obviously not available. Some facts, however, may be noted. Many of the men engaged in the movement have through it risen high in their respective professions. The individuality of their work has procured them recognition not only at home, but in foreign countries. They have all the commissions they can execute. Others will tell you that in the present stagnation of the market for pictures and sculptures they have found salvation in applying their art to some craft. The goods, also, displayed in the stores are beginning to show the effects of the movement. In Glasgow, for example, the seat of a large metal-work trade, the house-furnishings displayed in the windows show quite remarkable freshness and charm both in design and in the combinations of material.

One other question may conclude this paper. Are there not in all our big cities a few art-workers who feel enough interest in the subject to get together and do something towards advancing it? Experience has shown that the very smallness of the beginning may be a guarantee of future success. What Boston has done there are surely other ciites able and ready to do also.

Charles H. Caffin.

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